

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

MY DAUGHTER LOUISE.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
My seat on the sand and her seat on my knees,
We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter,
My sweet little daughter Louise.
We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless west
Leads up to. She minds her of some pretty story
And says: "To the city that mortals love best."
Then I say: "It must lead to that far away city,
The beautiful City of Iost."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
Stand thou in the shadow of whispering trees,
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
My womanly daughter Louise.
She steps to the boat with a touch of her fingers,
And out on the diamonded pathway they move;
The shallop is lost in the distance, it lingers,
It waits. But I know that its coming will prove
That it went to the walls of that wonderful city,
The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
I wait for her coming from over the seas;
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
To weep for my daughter Louise.
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod;
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod;
But she rests, at the end of the path, in the city,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

STORY TELLER.

An Unlucky Raid.

In the good old days of the Bow Street runners, when highway assaults were rife, and solitary postchaise travelers never journeyed without pistols in their pockets and tremor at their hearts; when strange feats in the shape of the starlight robberies were boasted of, and a "Knight of the Road" aspired to be called a gentleman, the following incident occurred:

One afternoon in early autumn, close upon sunset, a couple of well-dressed men, driving a light gig in which was a poor jaded-looking horse, stopped at a wayside posting-inn, not a hundred miles from Bath, and requested accommodation for the night. They were fashionably attired, and spoke in condescending tones to the landlord and servants, using a few words now and again of town slang, as young bucks of the first water were proud to do in that day.

Giving the horse and gig over to the care of the ostler, they adjourned to the public room and called for some light refreshments in the shape of drink, ordering a supper to be served later. The landlord himself brought in the brandy-and-water.

"What's the story about a great highway robbery near here last night, landlord?" questioned one. "We heard of it on the road coming along. Is it true?"

"Quite true, sir. Ah, gentlemen! it is a dreadful thing—though clever, I must say. My Lady Cantifere with her two daughters were driving home across the heath an hour or two after midnight, having been to a ball, when their carriage was stopped by four mounted horsemen with cocked pistols. The old lady screamed and fainted; the young ones screamed and kicked; and the gentlemen, those audacious robbers, proceeded politely to rifle the ladies of every ornament they wore."

"Scoundrels!" interjected one of the guests.
"More than that, your worship. What should those bold blades do but invite the damsels to tread a measure with them! It was a fine night, as you may perhaps remember, sir; the moonbeams shining bright on the bare heath. Out of the coach the ladies handed them, and footed it in a minute; dancing, it is said, to perfection, as though they were used to lead out the King's own dancers together. O, they are bold, those gentlemen of the highway!"

The two gentlemen, listening to this, had gone into bursts of laughter. "But what of the men-servants?—what were they doing?" spluttered one.

"Only two were in attendance, sir; it seems, my lady's footman in the dicky, and the postilion on the horses; and while two of the robbers were thus doing their dancing, the other two stood guard over the men, each with his pistol cocked and hand on the trigger, ready to fire at the least movement."

"And the upshot?"
The young ladies were bowed into their coach again, all with stately ceremony, and the robbers after wish-

ing them a very courteous good night, rode off a canter, with every jewel they had possessed, small or large, costly or simple, and my lady's purse into the bargain. They may well boast that they lead merry lives, those men! Fine commotion the news has caused round about us to-day, as you may imagine, gentlemen. Everybody's talking of it."

The landlord, being called for elsewhere, retired; the travellers sipped at their glasses, laughing away, and conversing with one another in an undertone. Dusk came on, and the elder and taller of the two addressed his friend in a different tone.

"About time to see after the horse, isn't it, Jim? It's dark enough."

"I was just going to," answered Jim. And draining his glass, he went away to the stable yard.
Looking about him, with the air of a connoisseur, after watching his horse out up his oats, he made himself acquainted with the arrangements of the stables. Some five or six horses were in them. In the box next to his own stood a splendid animal; evidently valuable.

"A better steed nor your'n, sir!" cried the ostler from behind, in a quiet voice; and the gentleman gave a start, not thinking any body was near.

"Ay; mine has been of good service, and he has been worked hard lately," answered the stranger, good-humoredly. "A very fine animal this, as you observe. And yet," stepping back to look critically at it, "were my horse in good condition it might not be much inferior to this. They are not altogether unlike: about the same height, and much the same in color—brown."

With the last words, the stranger went back to the house, whistling. The hostler peered after him through the dusk while he made his comments. "You have got a cheek, master, whoever you may be; and a impudent cheek it is. Going and comparing the two horses like that!—this fifty guinea beautiful animal, and that there old hack o' theirs! What next? I wonder who they be, when they be at home?" And, with that, he locked the stable door.

"Well, cried the elder traveler when the other returned. "Any chance?"

"Never had a better chance in all our lives," was the answer. "In the next box to ours stands one of the grandest animals you ever saw—same color, same size, or about it; worth a little fortune. And a set of silver-mounted harness hanging up by him!"

"Silver-mounted?"
"Think so. Looks like it. We have got a rich chance, I tell you, Wade."

Supper was announced in due time, and the two hungry men did justice to it. Afterwards they sat over the fire, with pipe and grog, and retired to their room about eleven o'clock.

The room, double-bedded one, was not exactly on the ground floor, but it was not much higher. A few steps leading off from the staircase conducted to it. The travelers had chosen it in preference to one at first assigned to them on the second floor; one of them observing that he liked to sleep near the ground in case of a fire broke out in the night, of which he had a peculiar dread.

The first thing they did on entering the chamber was to double-lock the door and put the candle out; the second was to softly open the window, to stretch out their necks out of it as far as they conveniently could, and to wish the moonlight was "hanged."

"Nothing of a drop that," observed Wade, measuring with his eye the space to the ground. "A child might jump it. Shut down the window, Jim, and let's have a pipe. Hang that moon again! I thought you were wrong in foretelling it would be a dark night."

Shutting the window as softly as he opened, Jim and his friend, each taking a short, well-worn pipe from his pocket, sat down to smoke. From another pocket came forth a flask of some kind of liquor. Thus they made themselves comfortable, and seemed to forget all about bed.

At any rate, neither of them attempted to go to it. They sat on, and smoked, and drank at the flask occasionally, and whispered together in hushed tones. At last the clock struck two. One of them rose, drew aside the window curtain and looked out.

A suppressed shout of exultation broke from him. "Wade, Wade! the night has changed. It's raining, and the moon is gone. I know rain was coming."

"Man alive, don't make that row," retorted the other. "We don't want the house woke up!"

Putting away their pipes and flasks, they opened the window with crafty gentleness, and dropped down on the ground outside it; one after the other. The night was very dark, no light, or glimmer of it, was to be seen anywhere.

Making their way round cautiously to the coach-house and stables, Jim, produced a master key which undid the locks. The stable door he undid was the one that had the valuable horse in it; and he was surprised to find what an easy lock it was. Then, while the other man kept watch he hastily and noiselessly attached the horse to their own gig, using the harness he had admired so greatly.

The rain was dashing down smartly, which tended to deaden other sounds. When all was ready, they cautiously led the horse and gig out of the yard, and to a distance beyond it, got in and drove away at a spanking pace.

So far they were well-satisfied with their night's work, and congratulated themselves on the valuable prize they had captured in the horse and harness. It's true the horse appeared to require the whip pretty frequently, and Jim, who was driving, did not fail to administer it.

"Lazy beggar! he has stuffed himself out with corn," cried he. "You shall fast all this day, my gentleman, and that bring you into working order. What a pelt it is!" Looking up at the pouring rain. "Should say this was the clearing shower."

"What'll the job bring us in, Jim?"

"Twenty pounds, clear, I reckon. And an old hack thrown in to complete the bargain."

On the heath now, they began laughing over the past night's adventure there, as related to them by the landlord. They had no fear of the highwaymen themselves, not they, such gentry do not prey upon one another.

"Hang it, Jim! can't you drive faster?" cried Wade, suddenly.

Jim made no answer. He was beginning to feel somewhat puzzled, for, unless he was greatly mistaken, the beautiful horse betrayed unmistakable signs of giving in. Their own wretched animal could do so well as this. Presently it stopped; stopped dead from exhaustion.

"What the deuce is the matter with him?" demanded Wade.

"Be shot if I know. He seems dead beat. It's so dark one can see nothing. Wish that moon would come out!—the rain has ceased."

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed the other, as the horse, in spite of whip and word, refused to move. "Brought up before one's half beyond danger, with a stolen horse! You must have been mistaken in the worth of the animal, Jim, never knew you mistake one before."

"It beats me hollow," returned Jim, his crestfallen tone betraying some alarm. "As to being mistaken in him I know I never was there. Something extraordinary must all the horse."

He jumped out of the gig and began feeling the animal with his hands. At the same moment the coy moon burst out from behind the clouds and shone down in all her splendor. Jim felt the horse, stared at it and stared again. The other one in the gig was also gazing curiously. Simultaneously a shout of dismay, followed by an imprecation, burst from both of them. They had stolen their own horse.

Some mutual recrimination ensued. Wade accusing Jim of having made a mistake and opened the wrong stable; Jim vowing by all that's blue that he had opened the right one.

"Any way, we've got the harness," pleaded Jim.

The remark caused Wade to turn his eyes on it; its silver points were glittering into the moonlight. A closer glance, and then another angry shout from him.

"Look here, you fool—here's a crest."

"Hey—what?" cried Jim, turning round.

Sure enough; the silver-mounted harness bore a family crest with its Latin motto, and could no doubt be identified anywhere. Certainly this night's anticipated spoil was not lucky in any way.

Next morning the landlord of the inn was intensely surprised at the disappearance of the travelers, and at the spiriting away of some harness that belonged to the young Viscount Dare. He stood in the stable yard talking with his ostler.

"But for me his lordship's horse would h' gone, too," cried the ostler stolidly. "When I see one o' they two gents a poking and prying about here last night under the cover o' the dusk, and see him gazing at the fine animal with hungry eyes, and next watched him a fingering the stable lock, it struck me what he might be after—the wanting to have a try at changing their own sorry hack for this one. So the last thing at night, before turning in, I changed the horses; putting them in the best stable to other here, and made him safe with my bar and padlock which can't be picked. And they've just been and gone away with their own."

"Why didn't you change the harness as well?"

"Well, I never thought o' the harness."

But in the course of the day a messenger brought the harness back—and did not wait to ask for that of the travelers.

So the landlord, by the bargain, got a set of plain harness, which really was not bad, and he let the unlucky thieves alone.—*The Argosy.*

Rev. Job Turner.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Aug. 7, 1882.
MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—As I am writing this, I am in profuse perspiration, it being a hot day.

Last night, this writer had a service in combination with the Rector of the Church of the Advent, which was well attended, considering the weather.

A young speaking lady, at the close of the service, introduced herself to him through Mr. R. W. Branch, a deaf and dumb gentleman, and said that she had a little boy in this condition.

Mr. Charles Norton, a graduate of the New York Institution, was present at the church. He lives in Tullahoma, Tenn., and keeps a fine livery stable there. He inquired about his old classmates. He has a speaking wife and three children as fortunate as herself. Hard by Tullahoma, is a celebrated watering place, called Hurricane Spring, to which Mr. Norton will take me in his own buggy on my return from Jacksonville, Ill.

Mr. Branch honored the service with his presence. He has just been re-elected register of this county for four years, over a colored man, his competitor.

In the heart of this city, sleeps James K. Polk, President of the United States during the Mexican war. I have forgotten to say something about a railroad accident, warning all deaf-mutes to beware of the track.

Last Saturday, a gentleman, my fellow passenger, told me that an uneducated deaf-mute man, about eighty years old, was, the other day, run over and killed by a train coming to this city.

O, that the Legislature of every State would pass a bill, forbidding deaf-mutes walking on the railroad on penalty of imprisonment.

On my way from Lexington, Ky., to the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, I met my old pupil, Mr. Wm. A. Hancock, at Alderson. He is clerking for his father, depot agent of that place. I know of many deaf-mutes occupying good places of business.

Allow me to name several of them. Geo. A. Holmes has been connected as a clerk with the Registry of Deeds, Boston, Mass., for over twenty-seven years.

George Homer, the deaf-mute millionaire, once served about forty years under the United States Government.

Mr. Davis is a clerk in the Boston Post Office.

Messrs. Fitzgerald and Witschief have been for many years clerks in the United States Custom House, New York City.

Mr. Daniel P. Marcy is writing for one of the leading lawyers in New Orleans, La. He is also a notary public.

Mr. R. H. King, the most intelligent deaf-mute in Kentucky, is agent for eight insurance companies.

Mr. John Stevenson has charge of one of the public libraries in Philadelphia.

A deaf-mute man, whose name has been dropped from my memory, is and has been many years a clerk for a steamboat on the Mississippi River.

Mr. Upham, an amiable deaf-mute, of Watertown, N. Y., is a railroad clerk.

Mr. C. S. Newell, respectfully connected, was once a clerk in the New York City Post Office, but is now a hen raiser for Mr. Haight, the well known deaf-mute millionaire.

I leave for St. Louis this evening to lecture on my Mexican tour for the deaf-mutes, next Wednesday and Thursday nights.

My mission work is so extensive that I cannot stay in one place more than two days; therefore I have my hands full at all times. I sleep on trains almost every night, or most of the time. Yours, most sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUGUST 11, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Last Monday night, I took the cars at Nashville for St. Louis, which city I reached last night, our train being behind time. It is the heavy rains and railroad washouts that have caused most of the Southern trains to be irregular. I shall, therefore, have to reach my destinations one day before I meet my appointments.

A few minutes before leaving Nashville, I happened to meet a speaking gentleman, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who told me that he once had a deaf and dumb boy, about twelve years old, who was instantly killed by falling from a horse while riding, his neck being broken.

I will give you another case of this kind.

One of my old pupils, long ago, had a son as unfortunate as himself, who lost his life by falling on his head from a horse going at full speed.

I lectured Wednesday and Thursday nights, the 9th and 10th insts., to about 50 deaf-mutes. At the first lecture, Mr. Dougherty brought me the sad intelligence of the sudden death of Seth Waite, one of the teachers of the Illinois Institution.

He died of apoplexy while spending his vacation in Nebraska. He lost his deaf-mute wife a few years ago. His remains were taken home for interment.

At the same lecture, a young deaf-mute lady, blessed with a bright countenance, was introduced as Miss Mitchell, and I learned from her that her mother was deaf and dumb. I soon remembered meeting her husband in 1839. His name was Mr. Totten.

Mrs. Ann Bailey and her daughter, Miss Martha, were present at both the lectures. They are both as kind to deaf-mutes as Sisters of Charity. No body in the world knows how much good she has been doing for this class of people for so many years. She has picked up and sent a great many uneducated mute children to the deaf and dumb institution at Fulton, Mo.

The other day, a millionaire met and told this lady that he would like to give a piece of land for a church for the exclusive use of deaf-mutes, but she thought it too far from the city, and would prefer to have it established on or near the heart of the city. I will not divulge his name, because I have not asked his permission to use it.

It gave me pleasure to meet Mr. Guss, formerly of Philadelphia, at the chapel. He told me that he was doing better than before.

I learned at the close of the first lecture, that Dr. Gallaudet and his follower, Mr. Mann, would have service in this city, on the 24th inst., while en route to the Teachers' Convention, at Jacksonville, Ill.

I am staying with my old Virginia friend, one of the leading citizens. I go to Litchfield, Ill., this evening, for a short visit. Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

A CHALLENGE.

Haverstraw, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—I hereby challenge any deaf-mute in the United States to run me a four hour race (Go-as-you-please) for \$100 aside and the championship of the U. S. The match to take place within three weeks from the date of signing articles of agreement, in either New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Albany. I leave \$10 with Engineer John F. Peters.

Respectfully yours,
DENNIS SULLIVAN.

Aug. 17, '82.

Two sides of Life.

There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well;
And 'tis for any one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out
And shuts the shadows in.
The clouds may wear the saddest robes,
The sun refuse to smile;
And sorrow, with her troop of ills,
May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart has power
A sunbeam to provide,
And only those whose souls are dark
Dwell on life's shady side.

ON THE ROAD.

NAUVOO, ILL., AND THE GREAT MORMON TEMPLE.

Well, I have seen Nauvoo, famous Nauvoo, made historic by the fanatical Mormons. I have seen the ruins and relics of the great Mormon Temple. I have seen the jail at Carthage, where the Mormon prophet, Joe Smith, and his brother, Hyrum, were killed by a mob. This was at the time of the Mormon war. People are still living here who saw the great temple in all its glory. It was built of light gray limestone, 128 feet long, 38 feet broad, and 60 feet high. From the ground to the top of the tower, it was 200 feet. It had thirty pillars, costing three thousand dollars each. It had carved images over the entrance door, and on pillars all around the building, and besides, carved stars and moons. The whole cost of the building was one million dollars. The baptismal font was supported on twelve carved oxen. It was in the basement story, and with the oxen were to be gilded. The corner stone was laid April 6th, 1841. It was burnt down November 10th, 1848, by some accident, or by an incendiary, as the Mormons had many enemies here. Joe Smith, the prophet, and his brother were killed in the Carthage jail, June 27th, 1844.

The French colony built a large two-story school house, with the stones on the site, where the temple stood. Part of it is now used for the Nauvoo post-office and drug store; the other part as a residence for the post-master. The Nauvoo caboose or little jail, is built entirely with stone from the temple, and a walk inside of the residence yard is paved with some of the stone. The rest of the ruins have been carried a mile out of town and dumped in a field, near where a stable is partly built with some of the stone from the temple.

I will not go into a history of the Mormons, as it is well known. Suffice it, however, that their temple was destroyed, and through so much trouble and persecution the Mormons were compelled to emigrate to Salt Lake, Utah.

I think Nauvoo is beautifully located on a hill, about a mile from the Mississippi River. The river makes a great bend here, running around from the north-east to the south-east. A level piece of country extends from the foot of the hill to the river. It is several miles long from the river on the north to the river on the south, and down in this beautiful bottom nearer to the river, is the village of Commerce. The streets are regularly laid out, and the houses are apart from each other, surrounded by from half to one and more acres of ground. They are stocked with abundant vineyards, apple and peach orchards, which are seen on every hand. A great deal of wine is made here from grapes of the purest quality. A mixed population of French, German, Irish, English and Swedes live around here in peace and harmony with each other.

Just across the river, on the Iowa side, is the town of Montrose. A railroad passes through there from Burlington to Keokuk, Iowa. It runs around the great bend, and the train can be seen for miles coming down and going around from the town of Nauvoo. A large island is in the middle of the river between the two towns, overgrown with trees. A ferryboat plies between the towns. The great Des Moines Rapids Canal commences at Montrose, and runs down to Keokuk, on the other side of the river. It is used for steamboats to pass around the great rapids in the river. Congress has just passed an appropriation of thirty-five thousand dollars over the President's veto to be used in improving this great canal, which needs much repairing for the benefit of commerce.

From the Temple house, I can see the town of Commerce, down in the bottom, and beyond it I can see Montrose over the river, and the beautiful park, where we celebrate the glorious Fourth of July, with its flag staff looming up skyward. If capitalists would only put in their energy and capital here, I can say that Nauvoo would be a large and beautiful city.

On Sunday, August 6th, a large excursion party came down to Nauvoo from Burlington, Iowa, and were welcomed by the people here. They seemed to have had a jolly time. The Temple house, the casino saloon and some cigar stores, received a large patronage from them, and the hacks were kept busy running to and from the boat landing, a mile away. In

the evening, a large crowd of Nauvoo people, including my humble self, went down to the landing to see the party leave on the steamer Maggie Reaney. The Burlington band discoursed one course of music, which was applauded. Then the boat backed into the river, and started homeward amid a roar of hurrahing, waving of hats and handkerchiefs. It was a beautiful Sunday until evening, about an hour after the party had left, when a grim, black cloud gathered in the west, seeming to frown with wrath upon the Sabbath breakers, and soon rain came down in torrents, sending all pedestrians flying home or to find shelter.

At night, a party gathered in the Temple house parlor, and Annie, daughter of the landlord, gave us some music on the piano. Miss Annie and Miss Julia Beecher entertained your correspondent very well by talking on their fingers, so did a dentist, who learned the alphabet from a deaf-mute who attended the Jacksonville School. It is well and pleasing to find people who can use the finger alphabet. I hope it will become more general in future years, and mutes may do without writing.

PERSONALS, ETC.

Down in Commerce City, above referred to, lives a deaf boy, Henry Schrader, with his widowed mother, and a sister. He attends school at Jacksonville. He is about fourteen years old. When I visited him and took dinner with him, he asked a blessing at table in the sign-language.

Over in Montrose, lives a deaf boy, Charles Spain, who attends school at Council Bluffs. He helps his father working for the Montrose Lumber Company.

In the eastern part of Nauvoo, lives a deaf boy, eighteen years old, who has never attended school. He feels ashamed now to go, because he thinks he is too old. His folks should have sent him to school when he was young. Now he refuses to go simply because he thinks he is too old. He has good sense, and can speak some words, and hear loud noises, but he cannot read or write. I shall see him and urge him to go to school if I can. It is too bad to grow up in ignorance in this way in an enlightened age, when every facility is afforded every one to get an education. It is a pity to be left far behind civilization, and to be a relic of the barbaric ages.

In a former communication, I omitted to mention little Miss Lizzie Fuller, of Keokuk. She is a mute and goes to the Council Bluffs School. Her mother has just been appointed matron of the boys at the school. Lizzie seems to be a smart girl, and she once said at school that she had five mothers, not knowing the difference between her mother and four aunts. All love her dearly, and pet her like a spoiled child, and she has her own way in everything. She seems to be so pure, so innocent, they cannot deny her anything. She is teaching her aunts to talk on the fingers and in signs. It is charming to see them acting as ready and willing pupils of little Lizzie, who makes them mind her every whim.

Well, I have seen the Nauvoo dandy. He is indescribable. But never mind what people say.

Don't worry, nor fret,
About what people think
Of your ways or your means,
Of your food or your drink;
If you know you're doing
Your best every day,
With the right on your side,
Never mind what "they" say.

Then garner up the minutes,
That make up the hours,
And pluck, in your pilgrimage,
Honors bright flowers;
Should grumblers assure you
Your course will not pay,
With conscience at rest,
Never mind what "they" say.

Press onward and upward,
And make no delay,
And though people talk,
And though what "they" say.

JUDGE DECOURSEY,
TEMPLE HOUSE, NAUVOO, ILL.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Jacksonville, Ill., - - "26 to 31,
Keokuk, Ia., with Dr. Gallaudet,
Sept. 5th.
Des Moines, Ia., with Dr. Gallaudet,
Sept. 6th to 7th.
Davenport, Ia., with Dr. Gallaudet,
Sept. 8th.
Chicago, Ill., with Dr. Gallaudet,
Sept. 10th.
Cleveland, O., with Dr. Gallaudet,
Sept. 11th.
Cleveland, O., - - Sept. 17th.

DEAF-MUTSE JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1882.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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INTERFERENCE.

What strange infatuations rule mankind! How narrow are our own ideas, how confined! With universal vanity posessed, We fondly think our own ideas the best; Our uttering arguments are ever strong; We are always self-sufficient in the wrong. —Challenger.

This world would be a far happier place if each of its inhabitants would only attend to his own business, and leave those of his neighbor severely alone. But that seems to be impossible to some people; under the pretence of being their neighbor's "best friend," they meddle in every possible way with his affairs, and often cause great trouble. It would be all very well if said "best friend," after making mischief, would stick to his friend until he saw him out of the scrape, but, as far as our experience goes, these meddlers are only good to get one in the mire, and perfectly useless to draw one out of it.

It is very provoking, indeed, to have one of these "best friends" question you about your most private concerns, and when, by dint of boring, he has got the information he desires, have him tell you that you are all wrong, and the only true way to do the business is as he advises. The chances are that he does not know what he is talking about, but that does not make the slightest difference; he is right, always right, and you are wrong, and always will be, until you let him manage your affairs. Suppose you do so and he makes a mess of it, as he is very likely to do, even then he will never acknowledge that he is mistaken. It ought to have turned out as he wished, and it is not his fault that it did not.

The meddler interferes in everything. Wants his friends to marry according to his ideas and regardless of their own wishes, and wonders that they do not follow his advice, as he is sure they would be much happier if they did, though the chances are he is mistaken. He sets relatives fighting by his interfering and tale bearing, and then wonders at their obstinacy and quarrelsome propensities. If the meddler happens to be of the feminine gender, the case is still worse. She interferes more with the younger generation of the family than the male meddler can find time to do. According to her, the young people were not brought up properly, and she proceeds to rectify that mistake by running down the parent who is only related to her by marriage. Says "blood is thicker than water," and that her blood relative is badly used, and that the relative by marriage is altogether to blame for what she is pleased to consider the bad conduct of the young people. Said young people may not relish such interference, and mildly point out that it is none of her business one way or the other. That only makes matters worse. She is up in arms; tells them roundly that they are disrespectful, and that the older members of the family are a thousand times better than the young, and never behaved as they did. Though in some cases the elder family were perfect rips and the younger a vast improvement, it makes not the slightest difference to her; she will deny the whole of it, and insist that the young fry are the very worst of the lot. When the faults of the elders are pointed out to her and made as clear as noonday, beyond the possibility of denial, she will fly into a rage and defend herself by talking of family honor, and say "it is a dirty bird that soils its own nest." Wonder whether lying does not do that! The female meddler is fond of visiting the sick and giving directions how they should be treated. Some years ago, we were making a call on a lady whose children were rather under the weather, when one of these meddling women, who had a turn for medicine,

or rather thought she had (for the fact is she did not know what she was talking about) came in. The conversation turned upon the children, and the meddler, putting on a grave and solemn face which would have done honor to a funeral, examined the poor little ones, and then turning to the mother, told her they had the measles. The mother was very much alarmed, and what added to her distress was the fact that she was not at home, but only a visitor where she then was, and of course if the children were sick with the measles they would cause trouble. She begged us to go for the doctor forthwith, having no one else to send. Off we started, and caught the doctor just as he was going to see a patient who lived miles away. He told us he could not go to see the sick children that night, but would be sure to go next morning. Back we went with this news to the distressed mother. She worried all night, of course. Next morning he came, and as soon as he saw the children, said they only had a heavy cold, and not the measles. The meddler had caused the mother a great deal of needless anxiety.

The meddler is everywhere, and it is impossible to avoid him. We can not prevent his meddling, but we need not follow his advice. The only way to get along in this world is to do as an anonymous writer advised—"Look not to please the world, but your own conscience. The man who has a feeling within him that he has done his duty, is far happier than he who hangs upon the smiles of the great or the still more fickle favors of the multitude." In other words, first be sure you are right, then go ahead, regardless of what the meddlers may say.

Church Work Among Deaf-Mutes.

EPHAPHATHA SUNDAY, AUGUST. 27, 1882.

The deaf-mutes of our country, who are familiar with the Book of Common Prayer, will take a special interest in the Gospel for the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 27th, for it will recite the miracle of our Lord in curing the deaf and dumb man. They will remember that through the influences of the Holy Spirit in their Christian education, they have been healed of their spiritual deafness and dumbness, and will surely be profoundly thankful for all the light and knowledge they have received from their Heavenly Father through his dearly beloved Son.

It is hoped that all the Church work among deaf-mutes may be remembered every year, by special offerings in the churches, on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity. The offerings which are made in the Dioceses of New England and the State of New York, and also northern New Jersey, may be sent to Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., 9 West 18th Street, New York; in Pennsylvania, Central Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, to Rev. H. W. Syle, 2206 Wallace Street, Philadelphia, Penn.; in Pittsburg, and the western Dioceses, to Rev. A. W. Mann, 5 Chestnut Street, Cleveland, Ohio; and in the southern Dioceses, to Rev. Job Turner Staunton, Va.

It is hoped that many deaf-mutes will put money in envelopes, on which are written, "For Church Work for Deaf-Mutes," care of one of the clergymen mentioned above. They can put these envelopes on the plates in the churches which they attend, on the 12th Sunday after Trinity, August 27th. The Rectors will send the offerings to the clergymen working among deaf-mutes. "To do good and to distribute, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."—Hebrews, 13: 16.

Where is Edward S. Beetle?

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I write this communication in behalf of his relatives, for information concerning the whereabouts of Edward S. Beetle, a former pupil of the Maryland School for Deaf-Mutes. About the first week of July, he wrote to his uncle (since dead) from Bloomington, Ill., that he was without money or work, and that if he could not get work he would put an end to his life; but we, knowing him too well, treated it as a dodge.

Last week, I heard a rumor from Baltimore, Md., that he committed suicide by shooting himself, but no one among the deaf-mutes there knew where or when he did. I am strongly inclined to believe he sent the report to Baltimore himself to make capital of it, as I know too well his tricks and habits. Moreover, I looked over carefully the back numbers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, from the first week of July up to the latest date, and failed to find the name of Mr. Beetle mentioned therein. Such an event, like the suicide of a deaf-mute, could hardly have escaped notice in the JOURNAL.

Mr. Beetle was, or is, very unsteady at work, never staying long at one place, and at most times a peddler of pictures and other things. He is a small young man.

Will any of the readers of your valuable paper please inform the JOURNAL of the fate and whereabouts of Mr. Beetle, if they know, and oblige his relatives and myself?

Ed. W. H. GIBBS. EASTON, Md., Aug. 8, '82.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Dora Kintzel, of Tamaqua, Pa., is visiting Reading, Pa.

Mr. Gordon, of Geneva, Ill., is working in a printing house in Canandaigua, N. Y.

Mrs. Dorn, of Syracuse, has been spending a week with Mrs. H. C. Rider, of Mexico, N. Y.

The deaf-mutes of Nashua, N. H., are doing well. Several of them have lately enjoyed long excursions.

It is reported that A. Beltinger, of New York City, recently from London, England, had \$100 worth of carpenter's tools destroyed by fire not long since.

Miss Carrie Bischof has returned to her home in Terre Haute, Ind. She talks of going to Crawfordville, Ind., and Cincinnati, O., next fall or winter.

A Bangor acquaintance of Mr. W. H. Krause requests the pleasure of his company at her house, if he intends to take a journey down to Maine this summer.

Daniel Runk, of Harrisburg, Pa., saw two deaf-mute couples in the Johnstown express, while passing the car works, the other day. He does not know who they were.

Detroit has an educated mute who claims to be the fourth cousin of the Hero of New Orleans, Gen. Jackson. This mute prides himself on the relationship, it is said.

Joseph Rogan and Charles H. Lewis, of the Lexington Avenue School, went to the Harvest Home on a farm at Robertsville, N. Y., on the 16th inst., and had a delightful time.

Philip Fahn and Daniel Runk left Harrisburg for York, Pa., on the 24 of July. Each remained a few days. York is Mr. Runk's native place, and he likes it better than Harrisburg.

The deaf-mute picnic on the river bank, Saturday, was well attended, and was an interesting gathering to both the participants and the spectators.—*Mountain Echo, Shickahanny, Pa., Aug. 11.*

A correspondent from Michigan writes:—"Would not a pleasure excursion, like the one held by the M. L. A., of New York, last July, be good for Michigan's deaf-mutes next summer? Lakes Huron and St. Clair are fine sheets of water to sail on."

Mr. W. W. Miles left home July 20th, and spent a day in Toledo, O., with cousins. From there, he proceeded to Niagara Falls. He is spending the summer at the residence of his father in Canandaigua, N. Y., and will return home the middle of September next.

Mr. O. Shirkley, a mute of Memphis, Mich., visited Edward J. Gurrey, of Columbus, Mich., a pupil of the Flint School, some time ago. Mr. S. left the Michigan Institution 22 years ago. He lives on a 163 acre farm with his aged father, four miles from Columbus, Mich.

Mr. John Vitez, who left Cleveland, O., about four weeks ago, is in Chicago, the guest of his brother. He has been admitted as a member of the Chicago Typographical Union, and is at present working in the first-class office. He expects to remain in that city till Aug. 30, when he will go to Columbus to attend the Reunion.

Miss J. M. Campbell lived with her sister in Houston, Texas, from October, 1881, to July 28th, 1882, when she received a telegram from Columbus, O., stating that her father was at the point of death, and immediately started Columbusward. Miss Campbell is the favorite friend of Mrs. A. E. Runk.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., met Wilbur F. Sheridan and Frank C. Bray at Chautauque, N. Y., the first of this month. Last week, he went to Sugar Grove, Pa., to see his uncle. While he was away, Mr. D. T. Richardson, of Sheridan, N. Y., called at his boarding place in Jamestown, and was surprised to find him absent.

After the return of Mr. and Mrs. Nye Brown, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Katie Shute, of Brooklyn, N. Y., from the Thousand Islands some two weeks ago, they stopped at Watertown, and were met by the two pretty sisters of Mr. C. O. Upham at the depot, and kindly invited to dine with them. The invitation was accepted, and after dinner, Mr. Upham took the two ladies riding around the city. They enjoyed their brief stay very much.

On Sunday night, the 13th inst., Rev. Job Turner officiated in the Presbyterian church, Litchfield, Ill., in combination with Rev. Mr. Minton, the pastor, there being no Episcopal church in that town. The church was very well attended, and eleven deaf-mutes were present at the service. He baptized a little son of his old pupils, Mr. and Mrs. Skelton. Mr. and Mrs. Skelton treated the deaf-mutes to a good dinner. He was their guest. He met his sister-in-law, Mrs. Aaron E. James and her children, for the first time in 20 years. The next morning, he left Delavan, Wis., via St. Louis and Chicago.

There are two deaf-mutes living in the western part of Schnylkill Co., both uneducated. Last week, one of them joined a huckleberry party, and got lost. Search was instituted for him, but he was not found until late the next day—about 20 miles from home. S. S. Haas, meeting with the search expedition, joined, not being mounted, was obliged to abandon the chase. He met both the mutes last summer, and made an effort to have one of them sent to Philadelphia, as he then was but 15 years old and very bright looking. The latter one, that got lost, is 25 years of age, and is a good workman, if he is uneducated.

Thirty-nine deaf-mutes attended services at St. Ann's last Sabbath.

V. B. Wright does not expect to attend the N. E. G. A. Convention.

Fred Stratton does not work at Macy's any more. He said he resigned.

The wife of John Wilkinson, of New York City, has gone into the country.

It is reported that "Poet" LeClercq, of New York, will soon join the Salvation Army.

Chas. O'Brien, of New York City, is again on his feet. He is rather weak, but improving rapidly.

Miss Augusta Berley was seen tripping grandly down Fifth Avenue, in New York City, on the 20th inst.

The father of Mrs. E. A. White, nee Lizzie A. Easton, of LaFayette, Ill., died on the 10th of June last.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. White, of LaFayette, Ill., expect to attend the Reunion at Jacksonville, Sept. 1st.

Miss Sarah O'Brien recently visited Mrs. H. E. Runk. She will, ere long, pay Mrs. D. Runk a flying visit.

Francis Horie, a graduate of the New York School, was in New York City last week. He has left for Chicago.

The Norwich Convention is the all-absorbing topic of conversation among New York and New England mutes.

Clement B. Thomson, who has been spending several weeks among the Catskill Mountains, has returned to New York City.

A correspondent says the M. L. A. never exhibited better judgment than in selecting Lyric Hall for their next levee.

Francis Nuber, of New York City, spent an afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Frank Roberts in Carmansville, N. Y., last week.

Mrs. Nye Brown, of Syracuse, N. Y., has earned the enviable reputation of being a first-rate housekeeper, according to a friend.

Ellen S. Wentz, of Strinestown, Pa., was much pleased to visit the camp-meeting near York, on the 13th ult., and she met two deaf-mutes.

The New York mutes would like Charles Shattuck, of Cohocton, N. Y., to join their base ball nine, which is to play at the Norwich Convention.

Dr. De Motte, for some years past Superintendent of the Kansas Deaf-Mute Institution, has accepted the Presidency of the Xenia (Ohio) College.

Charles H. Lewis drove his father's horses to Matamoras, N. J., and met Calvin Van Pelt, a pupil of the New York Institution. Calvin was glad to see him.

New York deaf-mutes who desire to attend the Norwich Convention, would do well to go by the Norwich Line, pier 41 North River. The elegant steamer City of Worcester, leaves at 5 P.M., Saturday, August 26th. A lively time is anticipated en route.

Miss Katie C. Shute is having a tip-top time in Syracuse, N. Y. She has forgotten the address of Miss Lillian R. Jones, of Brooklyn, and would be pleased if that young lady would enlighten her through the JOURNAL.

Francis Nuber, of New York City, has "resigned" his position at the Hammerslough Clothing House. He says he commenced work, as manager of all-work, at the Atlantic Club's quarters, Saturday last. He will work there one week, and then make traces for Jersey.

A few days ago a little Howard spent a few days at the house of a friend in Cuyahoga Falls, O., and then visited at St. Paul's Rectory, Medina, O. One of the days at the latter place was spent very pleasantly in a small picnic on the banks of Chippewa Lake, five miles distant.

Several deaf-mutes were registered at the Stanwix Hall, in Rome, N. Y., last week. The Hotel is the best in Rome, and the proprietor, Mr. H. Nellis, is one of those genial, whole-souled gentlemen that makes a stranger feel at home whenever they may be stopping with him.

Richard Welch, of Syracuse, N. Y., a graduate of Fairwood's Class of '78, caught a severe cold in one of his eyes some time ago, which rendered it totally blind. He has consulted eminent doctors of Rochester, N. Y., but they say the sight of his eye has been permanently destroyed.

Mr. T. S. Mundis, of York, Pa., was the guest of Mr. Koehler, of the 12th ult., and was very glad to see Koehler, after a long absence of two years. He was formerly the upper-cutter in the York shoe-factory, where Mr. Koehler is still working. He is doing business on his own hook in a cigar shop.

The following is from the St. John, N. B., Daily Sun, of July 31st:—"Prof. Woodbridge is at the Barker, and is much gratified with the success with which he is meeting in the proposed establishment of a deaf and dumb school in Fredericton, N. B., at Hawthorne Hill, a mile below the city. It would be an excellent situation, and can be leased on favorable terms."

The Washington correspondent of the Albany Journal, writing of the educational institutions of our national capital, thus speaks of a young Trojan, who, though denied two of the blessings which Nature bestows upon humanity in general, is nevertheless so highly endowed and gifted that the world will doubtless hear much of him in the future:

A flourishing and well-known institution of much interest here, is the National College for Deaf-Mutes at Kendall Green, a delightful suburb of the city, which owed its foundation to the liberality of Amos Kendall, the eighth Post-Master General of the United States, and the widow personal zeal, talent and fidelity of the widow and youngest son of the eminent Thomas H. Gallaudet, of Hartford. The exercises of presentation day at this College, under the charge of Dr. Gallaudet, occur early in May, at which time the candidates for degrees are "presented" to the Board of Directors, though the school-year does not end till late in June. Of the seven graduates this year, Mr. Saxon, only son of S. B. Saxon, of Troy, N. Y., is one of the most gifted and popular that the school has ever sent forth. He was captain of the gymnastic company of cadets in the Institution, and their evolutions under his command on presentation day, attracted many delighted spectators. Mr. Saxon's talent as an artist is already recognized, and it is the intention of his father to afford him the best European advantages. It is particularly sad that this remarkable young man should have been born a mute, for he comes of a musical family, his father, mother and only sister (wife of Prof. Thompson, of the Troy Polytechnic School), being highly gifted in that specialty; but the skill which is denied to ear and voice in him, seems compensated for in the wonderful artistic sensitiveness in his hand.—*Troy Daily Times.*

Thomas Brown, of West Heniker, N. H., will try to attend the Norwich Convention.

Miss Gerie Woofter, one of the lady teachers of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has died during vacation. Cause—malaria fever.

Sarah L. Harper, of Morganville, N. J., will return to the Connecticut School for Deaf-Mutes in the fall. Her family want her to learn to speak.

It is said that one of the Heller brothers, working at the Roigleville, N. J., iron works, considers it an easy task to get outside of a whole watermelon for dinner.

John Schorr, of Pullman, Ill., is a happy father. Baby was born August, 16th. It is a girl. They are expecting to name her "Florence Pullman Schorr."

Chas. Lewis, of the Lexington Avenue School, will not return to school till October, as he will be very busy all through September, picking grapes on his father's farm.

Mr. Aaron Witmyer, of Lancaster, Pa., is still living with his family, and sticks to his business. He is at present very busy. He is a wheelwright by trade, and gets good pay.

James Hogan, of Harlem, died last week of Bright's disease of the kidneys. His widow is in destitute circumstances, and a subscription was started for her benefit on the sidewalk in front of St. Ann's, last Sabbath, by Mr. S. M. Brown.

The employees of the Singer Manufacturing Co., of Elizabeth, N. J., go on an excursion to Long Branch and Ocean Grove next Saturday. Harry M. Powell, a graduate of Fanwood, will go with them. He would be pleased if some deaf-mute would meet him at one of the above named places.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, will preach in Bethesda Church this evening, and interpret the service in the deaf-mute signs. He will preach in Christ Church, Ballston, Spa., this morning, and in St. James Church, Milton Centre, at 3 P.M.—*Albany Argus, Aug. 26.*

Last week, the high toned society mutes of Chicago had a private picnic at Cedar Lake, which is located 38 miles south-east of Chicago. They said they had a "Jumbo" time. All of them are unmarried. Their names are as follows: Misses Jennie Patten, Lillian Hawes, Rafington and Merrill; Messrs. James Watson, John Heinlein, Edward Kingston, Chester Codman and C. H. Angle.

A New England correspondent writes:—"The 'old cat' got out of the bag again the other day, near Boston, to the effect that Miss Abbie L. Claflin is to render the hymns at Norwich, instead of Mrs. Whipple Follett. It is furthermore said that the above change is due to the combined exertions of Mr. Geo. Holmes and Harry White, B. A. Verily, Mr. Holmes, thou art a changeable man."

On a fertile sloped farm, in the county of Fertilizer, Pa., about two miles distant from Lancaster City, there are two good crops of corn and tobacco, etc., raised by the respectable mute farmers, brothers, Messrs. John and Martin Denlinger, both graduates of the Pennsylvania Institute. These farms are worth more than all the others in the neighborhood. The brothers have two charming mute sisters living with them, and they live very comfortably. Miss Lydia and Kate seemingly possess the experience of excellent cooks, and they are lady-like in manners.

Miss Ludwig, of New York City, is now visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ould, in Thomaston, Conn., at so Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, of Washington Heights, are in the same place. On Saturday, Aug. 19th, there was a very pleasant gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ould. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Genet and Mr. Marsh, took tea there, and after tea, Mr. Muth and Mr. Erbe, of Southampton, dropped in, and all passed a most enjoyable evening, dispersing at about 11 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Ould have a very pleasant place, and try to make their company feel at home. Miss Ludwig will probably stay for two weeks or longer. Nobody from Thomaston will attend the Norwich Convention, unless it be Messrs. Marsh and Muth. Mrs. Roberts will go, if well enough, and return here and then home. Mrs. Ould would like to keep her friend Emily here altogether, if it were possible. What would those poor fellows in N. Y., do if she succeeded?

Rev. Job Turner, a mute pastor from Staunton, Va., is entertaining the people of St. Louis with pantomime descriptions of Mexico and the Mexicans, and is said to be very successful in talking intelligibly with his whole body so as to convey a clear idea of the facts he observed and of his impressions in regard to them, humorous and otherwise. To do this by means of poses and gestures, unaided by conversational signs previously understood between him and those whom he is addressing, is a remarkable feat, and suggests the possibility of establishing a system of universal sign-language, which could be read the world over through the eloquence of its motions. The crude sign-language, which is the lingua franca of the plains from Alaska to Guatemala, is limited in its scope, but readily understood by those who have to interpret it for the first time.—*New York Evening Telegram, August 21.*

BESIDE THE BARS.

Grandmother's knitting has lost its charm; Unheeded it lies in her laple it warm; While the sunset's crimson, soft and warm, Touched the frills of her snowy cap.

She is gazing on two beside the bars, Under the maple—who little care For the growing dusk, or the rising stars, Or the hint of frost in the autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl, And one a man in the pride of youth; The maiden pure as the purest pearl, The lover strong in his steadfast truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose of June," He says, full low o'er the golden head. It would sound to her like a dear old tune, Could grandmother hear the soft words said.

For it seems but a little while ago Since under the maple, beside the bars, She stood a girl, while the sunset's glow Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And one, her lover, so bright and brave, Spoke words as tender, in tones as low; They come to her now from beyond the grave, The words of her darling so long ago.

"My own one, sweet as a rose in June!" Her eyes are dim and her hair is white, But her heart keeps time to the old love tune As she watches her daughter's child to-night.

A world between them, perhaps you say. Yet, One has read the story through; One has her beautiful yesterday, And one to-morrow fair to view.

But little you dream how fond a prayer Goes up to God through his silver stars, From the aged woman gazing there, For the two who linger beside the bars.

NEW YORK.

The C. L. U. Excursion.

A MOST ENJOYABLE AFFAIR.

A Few Interesting Personals.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

During the summer, the horse car companies of Brooklyn put open cars on their lines, and as a result, the conductors have to use whistles of terrible shrillness to signal to the driver when to stop and when to start.

The conductors of the City of Churches are mild-looking young men, who look as if they would not harm a fly, much less annoy a passenger; but their chief delight seems to be to blow their whistles under the ears of people.

Last Thursday, a party of nervous looking people boarded a car, and the conductor, swinging himself on the step, got underneath the most nervous looking person in the crowd, and blew with such shrillness as to cause the people for blocks along the route to turn and stare, but the nervous looking fellow remained as quiet as a mummy, and did not even glance at the "whistle blower." The driver went into convulsions, and the conductor now noticing sign-making, turned pale, and exclaimed in a heart-rending tone, "sold!"

The nervous party were, of course, deaf-mutes, and they were bound for Jewell's Wharf to take the steamer to Glen Island, it being the occasion of the excursion of the Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes.

It may be called a "divided excursion," as it was intended to hold it on Wednesday, the 16th, but the weather being rainy, was postponed till Thursday. Despite the rain Wednesday, about one-half of those who intended attending went, and the more prudent waited for Thursday.

Thursday was a very pleasant day, and the sail was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

Glen Island bears a striking resemblance in some respects to Central Park. It has beautiful fruit and shade trees, handsome buildings and many lesser objects. On a commanding position, a canon may be seen; in a shady spot, bright-eyed boys and smiling girls are found on the swings. There is a *Camera Obscura*, carousel, fish pond with seals, Zoological garden, with beautiful birds and rare animals, conservatory, bowling alley, rifle range and billiards.

One of the greatest things is the ferry boat to New Rochelle, which is hauled from shore to shore by a rope.

The bathing pavilion was patronized by nearly every male mute who attended, and as they were all able to swim, they attracted considerable attention.

Steam launches run around the Island every twenty minutes. The fare is ten cents, and it is something like the boat service in Central Park.

Deaf-mutes who knew how to handle the oar, hired boats and went on a trip through the enchanting region.

Basket picnickers had a good time at Beachlawn. Tables were provided, and water furnished gratis.

Fishing was also one of the chief amusements.

It happened that on Thursday, the photographic section of the American Institute invaded Glen Island. They took photographs of every part of the island by the instantaneous process. Those pictures will be exhibited in the American Institute on the first Tuesday in September, and sharp-eyed deaf-mutes who view them, may be able to distinguish deaf-mute friends among the many people taken.

Those who left on the 5:30 boat, had a splendid view of the Sound steamers, which left New York an hour previous, and in many instances set them talking about the Norwich Convention.

John F. Tresech, the artist, took several sketches, including Islandwild and Beachlawn.

President Reynolds, of the Twilight Union, visited little Germany, and while there had a dozen or so glasses of beer thrown over him by a careless waiter.

President Wilkinson, of the M. L. A., was on deck, and clams and clam-bakes were grandly discussed. On hearing they had watermelons, he spent the remainder of the afternoon in a vain search for the "big emeralds."

Little Ryekman, with his father and mother, were on the Island. The male portion of the family spent the day fishing. The catch did not overburden them.

Fred W. Meinken, of the Tarrytown Branch of the New York Institution, spread himself all over the Island. He nearly drove the two black bears mad by tickling them with a stick.

John W. Lyons, of Brooklyn, was the first of the deaf-mutes to arrive at

the Island, having left Brooklyn at 8:30 in the morning.

Edward Dunlap made away with a bushel or so of green apples, and when cholera morbus was mentioned, he only smiled.

Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Conklin, of Newark, N. J., were at the Island at an early hour.

FANWOOD.

Chips from the Institution Block.

A RESIGNATION.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Prof. Thomas H. Jewell has resigned as teacher here, and accepted a position at the Rome, N. Y., School.

Prof. Mann's genial phiz drove the shadow of loneliness from our hearts for about fifteen minutes, on Wednesday of last week.

Our weather prophet, Mr. Shotwell, proceeded majestically down the pathway leading to the river, the other night, on swimming bent. When near the dock, he espied a huge object floating in the water, which he imagined was a whale. Upon nearer approach, it turned out to be the carcass of a horse, and fastidious Mr. S. postponed his bath indefinitely.

A. Reininger spun us a few yarns on the 16th.

A couple of weeks ago, J. Hanne, man, who is a "gentleman of leisure," was catcher for a hearing ball club in a game at Prospect Park, Brooklyn. He caught the ball on his eye, and its mark is there yet.

New kettles are being placed in the kitchen.

The Journal compositors desired to attend the C. L. U. Excursion, but were unable to obtain leave of absence.

M. R. Palmer is undecided whether or not to return to school in the fall.

Young John O'Brien is suffering with a swollen face, the result of pitching headlong into some poison ivy.

Charles H. Sparrow, with a woeful look on his handsome countenance, turned up last week. He said he could not stand it at home any longer, and hinted that a certain mother-in-law was at the bottom of the difficulty. He asked for and obtained permission to remain here at school, and is now in the yoke with the straw brigade.

Miss Emily Wells writes a friend here that she is deep in the mysteries of housekeeping, and enjoying herself immensely. She had intended leaving school, but has changed her mind and will return in the fall. A sensible decision.

Miss Mamie Weyant, one of our romantic High Class girls, is enjoying the cool breezes of Florida, N. Y.

Miss Jane T. Meigs dropped in unexpectedly on the 17th. She was accompanied by a young gentleman.

All was excitement in the "lower regions" Thursday morning last. The female servants were decked out in all their finery, and the kitchen was redolent with cognac and other sweet extracts. It was the date of the McEvoy Excursion, and they had permission to attend. They went by barge to a place near Iona Island.

The boys have put up a swing under the trees on the lawn, and every evening vie with each other to see who can go highest. F. Jourdan holds the championship at present.

M. R. Palmer, of Albany, N. Y., is sporting a \$24 suit of clothes.

Peter, the Institution fireman, has left, and is now fireman on one of the locomotives of the Third Avenue Elevated R. R.

Steward Brainerd returned Thursday last. After transacting some business at the Institution and Tarrytown, he left on Saturday, for East Elmhurst, N. Y., where he expects to remain until August 27th, and then will seek green fields and pastures new.

Miss Rhoades, one of our matrons, becoming tired of the monotony of existence here, took a tumble-down sprawl by way of variation, Friday last.

The officers' dining room presents a cheerful and home-like appearance now. A number of paintings of fruit, etc., from the art gallery, have been hung on the walls.

Our men-of-all-work, Messrs. Beatty and Hines, are away on a short vacation.

Fred Tillman is working in a shoe establishment at 121st St., Harlem.

Walter L. Bingham does not expect to return to school before October.

Fred Meinken, a Tarrytown Branch cherub, was at St. Ann's last Sabbath, as also was Tilson W. Haight and W. J. Reilly.

Among our numerous visitors on Sunday, we noticed Messrs. Kohler, Lang, Greer, Thompson and the three Hanneman brothers.

Miss Annie Robbins visited Miss Annie Bryan the latter part of last week. Miss R. was a teacher in the Fordham School last year, but was obliged to resign some months ago to minister to the comfort of an invalid parent. She will probably resume teaching in the fall.

Each of the compositors who are now working in the printing office, will have a short vacation in September.

W. Darian will spend his in Yonkers, N. Y.

F. Crorken will remain in this city. Geo. Porter will ramble in Liberty, N. Y.

Elmer E. Smith wants time to decide.

Anthony McQuade, a mute carpenter, passed the Institution on the 20th.

Charles Letts, Class of '82, got work as a laster in Gray's manufactory, Syracuse, N. Y. Last week, he was taken sick with malarial fever, and is now confined to his bed.

Frederick De Peyster, LL.D., for many years a Director of the Institution, died at the residence of his son at Tivoli, on the Hudson, at 10 p.m., Thursday, Aug. 17th. Mr. De Peyster was a warm friend of deaf-mutes, ever manifesting a deep interest in their welfare. Some time ago, he presented a large number of valuable books to the Institution on condition that they were not to be used until after his death, and then placed in the pupils' library. The Institution library has more than once received welcome additions through his liberality.

Francis Nuber honored us with a call on Saturday. We understand he was bounced from his position on Monday, August 14th, owing to dullness of trade at the Hammerslough clothing establishment. He goes to Jersey next week.

James Gardner, a boiler maker, and two brothers, breathed Fanwood air Sunday last.

Miss Finn, who left school four or five years ago, in company with Miss Eugenie Rogers, called on Sunday. Miss Rogers will go to Coney Island Saturday next.

F. Jourdan passed the Lord's Day in Brooklyn.

Saturday last, T. Jamieson, Chas. Schmidt, C. Sparrow and two or three other boys, went to the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, expecting to meet the other members of the Fanwood B. B. C. and have a game of ball.

The city mutes, however, failed to put in an appearance. While standing quietly on the grounds, a crowd of young loafers began insulting Schmidt and Jamieson by a series of indecent natural signs. They bore it patiently for a time, but at length forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and says Chas., "Tommy, let's pile into 'em." "All right," says Tommy, and at it they went. Each selected a ring-leader, and in a very short time the hearing boys were bleeding at the nose and crying "enough." While the fight was in progress, C. Sparrow came up, and with a shout of "Hurrah for old Ireland and the honor of Fanwood," sailed in. But Charles fared badly. Two heavy fellows sat down on him for all they were worth. One gave him a terrible whack on the nose, and the other hit him on the forehead with a large stone. He was also hit on the back of his head with a club.

"He's a slave, who dare not be in the right with two or three," sang W. Morris, Jr., as he deftly caromed on the nasal appendage of a stout fellow. But he got a swelled optic in return. We do not feel called upon to say which side was the most to blame in this disgraceful affair, but if Charles Sparrow had remained at home and lived in peace with that mother-in-law, there would now be no "goose egg" on his forehead, and his nose would not be the color of an autumn sunset.

The other day, Albert, the gardener, while at work was confronted by a large snake. Valorous Mr. Shotwell (who furnishes this information) says that the gardener was almost paralyzed with fright, and that he (Shotwell) ran to his assistance with a club and dispatched it after a "terrible hand to hand struggle."

The handsome countenances of Johnny O'Brien and Jimmy Donnelly loomed up on the 20th. They remained until 9 p.m.

Adolph Reininger went fishing Saturday last, and caught five "slimy beauties."

Andrew McDonald, about as fat as they make 'em, waddled sportively over the greensward Saturday.

Repairs and improvements are about over. The end of the week will doubtless see every thing ready for the reception of pupils.

The "Harlem boy" wants to hear from the "Walton boy."

W. Rose expects to be in New York soon.

John Lloyd, Jr., winked demurely at us over the dinner table Sunday. Last week, he was in Catekill, and applied for the case now held by W. Rose, when the latter returns to school in the fall. He got left, as it was engaged. While here, John accidentally showed a pawn ticket, which, upon inspection, proved to be for a coat and vest. He says he found it, but then, you know, John is terrible on the "eat" and we can excuse him.

Charles Morise, of the Lexington Avenue School, says he is determined to enter Fanwood as a pupil in the fall.

Supervisor Howell was here for a short time Monday. He had intended going to Newburgh, N. Y., in the morning, but missed the boat. He left on the evening steamer.

Miss Effie Hithcock, of Flint, Mich., recently ordered photographs of Fanwood pupils, from Pach Brothers.

A mutual friend writes that Miss Gussie Berley will not return to school in the fall.

Alex. L. Pach, of Ocean Grove, N. J., is doing well in the photograph business. He will stay there till the season closes (Sept. 10th) and then go on a visit to Boston, Mass., for two weeks. He will then accept a position with Pach Brothers, 841 Broadway, N. Y. He expects to visit Fanwood Saturday next.

Mr. Clearwater commenced his vacation Monday.

Dr. Porter and wife returned from Phoneica, N. Y., Monday.

NORTH-EASTERN PENNA. NOTES.

"Picnic" is all the rage here this season among the silent people. Following closely upon that held in Scranton, came the picnic at Shick-shinny, in Luzerne County, on Saturday, August 5th, at which about twenty-five deaf-mutes were present, together with a fair gathering of hearing persons. The day was "splendid picnic weather," and the party were in the best of spirits. The amusements consisted of dancing, boating, and other games usual at such gatherings, while the "flying horses" were extensively patronized. Among those present were Messrs. Swartz, Ellis and Harder, of Catawissa; Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, of Mill Hollow; Miss Weil, of Plymouth, Miss Eva Post, of Susquehanna Co.; Miss McKinney, of Philadelphia; Mr. Longenberger and sister, of Watsonstown, accompanied by Miss Fahnstack, of the same place; Miss Julia Honck, of Berwick; Mr. John Detweiler, of Danville; Mr. and Mrs. Koehler, and Messrs. Eisele and Williams, of Scranton; pupils of the Philadelphia Institution, and several uneducated deaf-mutes, made up the rest of the party. It is probable that there would have been more deaf-mutes present, but for the distance of the ground from the cities. As it was, the day was pleasantly spent, and the affair very creditable for a first venture.

Another picnic is talked of, to be held somewhere near Wilkesbarre or Plymouth, in October. We do not know who are the movers, so we can not now give any particulars concerning it. However, the projectors will, no doubt, give due notice of the event.

On the evening of August 1st, quite a number of deaf-mutes were gathered at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, at Mill Hollow, when a visit to a neighboring coal mine was proposed. The proposal was eagerly accepted, and the party, consisting of Rev. Mr. Syle, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Koehler, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, the Misses Weil and McKinney, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Arnold, of Carbondale, proceeded to the East Boston Mines, where they were cordially received by the affable engineer, William Moses, who was in charge that night. Provided with lamps and a trusty guide, (whose name could not be learned), the party stepped on the "carriage" and were rapidly carried down a depth of 250 feet into the "bowels of the earth." It being very dark when the party left the "top," the pitchy darkness of the mines was not so noticeable; the contrast was nevertheless quite strong. By the flickering glare of the lamps, the party proceeded to view the various points of interest, keeping the guide carefully in view. None of them appeared to feel particularly safe, and, though we can not vouch for it, we think the ladies looked awfully white, while their male escorts appeared equally scared. But then, you know, the unsteady glimmer of the lights may have rendered your informant's vision uncertain, if the "scare" did not.

Among the objects of interest viewed, were the mine engines, and mule barn, underground. In the latter, were found about twenty-five mules and one mare. The animals appeared to be as comfortably provided for as their fellow creatures above ground, having clean and well boarded stalls situated under a "good roof," as the guide expressed it, the blackness of which was hidden under a coat of whitewash. The peculiarity noticed about them was that they were, with one or two exceptions, all blind. This is, no doubt, due to their constantly remaining in darkness, broken only by the faint light of their attendant "lamps." It may be added that they seldom, if ever, see daylight again after being once taken into the mines. The reason of this is that it is a labor of great difficulty to take them up, and then to catch and take them down again. Only when the mines are idle for a considerable time, are they brought to the top and turned into pasture; and it is worth going miles to see their joyful antics on such occasions. A mule is worth \$150 in the coal regions; and the average length of life between five and ten years often they enter the mines. The number of these animals employed about the mines in this neighborhood, is enormous. The Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western R. R. alone values its mules at over \$125,000.

Having completed their inspection of the mines, including the "beasts" and "chambers," the party turned back through the dingy "gangways," and entering the carriage, were in a few moments on the top, inspecting the "breakers" and hoisting engines. All carried off mementoes of their visit, the Rev. Mr. Syle securing an especially fine one in the shape of the stalk of what is supposed to have been a palm, before the long ages turned it into coal.

The party looked "every inch a miner" when they once more entered the well lighted engine rooms, the ladies looking especially grim in the black soot with which they had succeeded in covering their fair cheeks. All returned to Mr. Arnold's house, well pleased with their adventure.

On the following day, Mr. Syle went to Wilkesbarre to make arrangements for deaf-mute services there, and on the same day, left for home. The Misses Weil and McKinney also went, going to Plymouth, while the rest of the party remained a week longer in Mill Hollow.

On Sunday, August 13th, Mr. Koehler conducted a service at Mr. Arnold's house, there being present seven deaf-mutes and several hearing persons. The lesson for the evening

was from the parable of the Ten Virgins.

We cannot close this letter without referring to the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold. During the weeks succeeding the Scranton picnic, and up to last Sunday, they entertained no less than ten deaf-mutes, besides several hearing friends, occasionally having as many as six visitors staying over night at the time. Their home is becoming a veritable Mecca for the deaf-mutes here, among whom there are few who have not at one time partaken of the hospitality of the Arnolds. This speaks well for the esteem in which they are held by those who know them. May their shadow never grow less.

Miss Maggie Gorman, of Pittston, and Miss Eva Post, drove up to Scranton on Sunday last, a distance of ten miles, to attend the deaf-mute services at Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pettick, of Wilkesbarre, are doing well. They have removed to their new house, and are comfortably situated. Mr. Pettick's deaf-mute brother lives with him.

By request of a majority of the subscribers to the Garfield Fund in this neighborhood, the agent, Mr. Koehler, has given notice that all who have paid can have the amount of their subscriptions refunded. The reason for this is that it is considered too late to forward the money, as the fund is closed. The agent states that while a goodly amount was subscribed, only about half was paid, and he put off remitting from time to time at the request of the delinquents, in order to give them an opportunity to make good their promises. He announced early in July, that no further extension would be granted after July 30th, and gave all a chance to pay up at the Picnic in Scranton.

By that time, it was learned that no more subscriptions would be received by the Committee, and it was then too late to forward. Mr. Koehler, having been away from home, did not learn of the decision of the Committee until the day before the picnic, not having received the JOURNAL containing the notice until his return to the city on that day. The whole amount collected amounted to a little over nine dollars, while the amount subscribed was nearly sixteen dollars. It is to be regretted that the above happened, and this statement is made in response to enquiries in regard to the matter. Those who did pay their subscriptions, were compelled to lose the credit of having helped to honor Garfield, by those who neglected to meet their obligations. We would give a complete list of those who subscribed, but time and space are scarce, so we will defer doing so until we write our next letter.

Mr. Robert Arnold is the owner of a monster squash, measuring 41 by 43 inches, and weighing thirty pounds. This huge vegetable was grown in Mr. A.'s garden, and is only one of many others he claims to have raised. This squash, however, is a stunner, and no mistake.

The Deaf-Mute School at Scranton, will probably re-open on Monday, September 4th.

N. E. PENNA., Aug. 14, 1882.

Woonsocket, R. I.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Last Sunday morning, about eight mutes were pleasantly surprised at seeing Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weeks, Miss Maggie Allen, sister of Mr. Weeks, and Mrs. Oscar Kinsman, at the house of Mrs. Whipple Follett. Miss Allen recognized the writer, who, on seeing her, thought her a stranger, but soon after recognized her when her name was spelt. She is the matron of Kendall College, Washington, D. C., and is popular with the students. The writer made several inquiries to her about the New York students, especially Mr. Thomas F. Fox. Glad to say she has a good opinion of them all.

Mr. Weeks was here to make arrangements with Mrs. Follett, who will deliver a poem at the Norwich Convention. He said that he was glad to know that the Woonsocket mutes are a credit to the Hartford and New York Schools. There were about eleven mutes here at the time of Mr. Weeks' visit, and they enjoyed a social intercourse. Mr. Weeks thought it his duty to say a few words to them about the Lord. At half-past eleven in the forenoon, he delivered a discourse from St. Matthew, Chapter 20, verse 28. The mutes were evidently moved by his thoughtful and earnest sermon. He appealed to them to look to God, who is always glad to hear the prayers of humble sinners. In the course of his remarks, he said that a deaf-mute in Norwich, Conn., humbly said to Rev. Dr. Bacon, "I am ignorant. I love God. I pray to Him." These words were very simple, but the pastor was greatly moved, and brought many of his hearers to tears when he made a few remarks about the mute. He joined the church last month, and another mute will do likewise. The mute referred to is Mr. Asa Bridgman. The reason of having his name mentioned is proof. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Weeks for his interesting service. The ever ready Mrs. Follett also made some very touching remarks about the uncertainty of life. When the services were over, the writer had a pleasant chat with Mr. Weeks, who interested him with the recital of many startling and curious facts. Mrs. Follett invited the mutes to a really nice dinner. After ample justice being done, they were accompanied by the lady to the house of Mr.

and Mrs. Mowry, which was only within the distance of a stone's throw, and where they were entertained for a couple of hours. The shades of night having fallen, the "city" boys departed.

CHIPS.

Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, Miss Allen and Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman "did" Rocky Point last Saturday.

Miss Allen stopped at New Jersey for a week last week, while on her way to Washington. She is enjoying a six week's vacation.

Mr. Weeks has been very busy going around getting accommodations for the mutes going to the Norwich Convention. He has been successful. He greatly needs rest.

Mr. Weeks has a son eighteen years old. The father knows that any one compelled to work at a trade he does not like, will hardly succeed. He asked the son what inclination he had as a pursuit to obtain a living. The son wanted to be a machinist, and the father let him. He is at present working at the Colt's rifle shop, at Hartford. The father is wise.

Woonsocket has a mute aged 12. His name is Cusick.

Messrs. W. A. Jackson and J. F. Donnelly, and Mrs. C. W. Mowry, (nee Downey), congratulate Mrs. T. F. Collins, (nee Lizzie Murphy), for having an addition to her family. She will be surprised to learn that one of these mutes will be married soon.

A deaf and dumb lady, whose name we withhold from publication, will bring a divorce suit against her husband next fall, on account of non-support. She is well known under her maiden name, which she now uses. She belongs in Boston, and her husband is in Providence. More particulars will be given at another time.

Henry D. Stillman, J. H. and J. F. Donnelly witnessed a game of base ball between the league clubs, Troys and Comets, in Woonsocket, August 1st, the former being victors by a score of 13 to 5.

Miss Maggie Allen was so pleased with Mrs. Follett that she thinks of boarding with her next summer.

Miss Marks and little brother, of Pawtucket, R. I., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mowry for four days. They left before the Woonsocket boys could have an opportunity to see them.

The writer was, last week, honored with a visit from Miss K. H. Austin, Principal of the School for the Deaf and Dumb in Providence. She has a warm interest in the deaf, and will have a good number of pupils under her supervision. It now seems that there are in Woonsocket ten mutes to be sent to her school. She has promised to send the writer a report in a few days.

The following is from the Woonsocket Reporter:

Miss Austin, an accomplished teacher of the deaf in Providence, is in town for a few days, in quest of uneducated deaf-mutes. So far, she has been successful in finding two mutes, although it is known that there are several others. Her school holds day sessions, and the State pays the car fare and tuition of the young, who can go to Providence and return home every day. We hope she will receive some mutes from this town. The general impression is that mutes born deaf must be dumb, but it is wrong. Miss Austin is doing a good work.

D. Woonsocket, R. I., Aug. 14, '82.

DEAF-MUTE PICNIC.

LANCASTER DEAF-MUTES AT LITIZ PARK.

Saturday, August 12th, was a gala day for the mutes of Lancaster Co., and they will doubtless long remember it as such. Though the attendance was not as large as had been anticipated, those who were there said they had a delightful time, and that all passed cheerily as a marriage bell. Early in the morning, the clan began to gather at the residence of Miss Downey, from whence (headed by Miss Hess and party, whose circle numbered about ten and occupied three large carriages), proceeded to the beautiful Litiz Park. The spot chosen for the picnic is one of the most beautiful and romantic in Lancaster Co. The ground is beautifully kept, and through it runs a spring, clear as crystal, overhung by stately linden trees. Here then, equipped with all that could add to their pleasure, our party repaired, not forgetting to make ample provision for the refreshment of the inner man.

The arrival of the 9 A.M. train, brought the remainder of the party, among whom we were delighted to see Mr. Pergey, of Baltimore, Md., Mr. Wilmyer, of Lancaster, and Miss Bowers, of Silver Springs. After all had arrived, we proceeded to the refreshment table, after which some went to promenade, and the rest to play a match game of croquet. Mr. Pergey and his lovely partner, Miss H—, won the first, and left their opponents to "wear the weed," but not for long, for "Violet" and her partner came off with flying colors, and then our situations quickly were vice versa.

Thus the hours sped pleasantly, and at 7:30, the whole party accompanied those who were to leave for Lancaster to the depot, where, with merry leave taking, we saw them depart for home.

Darkness came on apace, and soon shawls, baskets, etc., were gathered, the horses ordered, and a large train of carriages were soon homeward bound.

As "Violet" had been invited to pay a visit to Miss Hess' country villa, she accompanied the party, and thanks to her young hostess, spent a

delightful time in boating, driving, picnicking and horseback exercise. It was, therefore, with deep regret that she left her on Thursday, being called home by the serious illness of her mother. Much of the success of the picnic was due to the intelligence and efforts of Miss H., who is a prime favorite among Lancaster deaf-mutes.

VIOLET.

READING, PA., GATHERINGS.

The Reading Deaf-Mute Literary Society, which had closed for the summer, will re-open on the 7th of September, when all the members are requested to be present. We advise them to draw up a Constitution and By-Laws, with which to govern the Association, as without one the organization would be too weak to make any commendable progress.

The majority of intelligent mutes, as well as the writer, of this place, are in favor of Washington, D. C., as the site of holding the next National Deaf-Mute Convention, and also to have it come off at the same time the ceremonies of the Garfield bust will take place.

If there is to come off another picnic of the deaf-mutes, they should take measures at once, and also give notice through the JOURNAL, several weeks previous to its coming off. We favor Litiz Springs as the place. Had the Lancaster mutes informed us earlier of their picnic at Litiz Springs, there would, no doubt, have been a fine attendance from this place.

Miss Dora Kintzel, of Tamaqua, Pa., is in Reading, the guest of Miss Whitman.

It has been rumored that Mr. Brookmire is going to honor Reading's beautiful actress with a visit. Is this so? She is waiting impatiently.

On the 10th inst., H. W. Hagy joined a speaking excursion to Litiz Springs, and had a Jumbo time. The excursionists numbered over 2,100.

Eakins and Gross, the tailors, are busy making fall and winter clothing. They have two speaking ladies to learn the trade. Why not gentlemen?

H. W. Hagy's little brother Charlie will be admitted to the Institution in Philadelphia, in the fall.

How is our young artist, Charlie Eaton, getting along? Hope first-rate.

Mr. John Lewis, of Philadelphia, is in Reading on a short visit.

Mr. J. Botzum's new house will soon be ready for occupation.

Misses Whitman and Kintzel, and Mr. Hagy, had their photographs taken in a group.

Clement D. Parlamen is employed in the Birdsow Nail Factory, where he makes good wages.

There is no doubt that John Shappell, of Shoemakersville, will soon be come the champion smoker, for he now smokes from 10 to 15 cigars a day.

Mr. and Mrs. Keiser's silver-wedding will be on the 31st of this month.

The following are clipped from the Reading Daily Eagle:

DEAF-MUTES MARRIED.

COLUMBIA, Pa., Aug. 19.—At St. Paul's P. E. Church, Leslie Hooks, of West Grove, Pa., was married to Miss Katie Tarbit, of this place. Both are deaf-mutes, and the officiating minister, Rev. Mr. Syle, and sixteen of those attending the wedding, were also deaf and dumb. The Rev. Mr. Diller, of Marietta, read the services to those whose speech and hearing were not affected, and who did not understand the deaf and dumb language used to the couple who were being united.

AGING UNFORTUNATES.

H. W. Hagy, No. 536 South 6th street, a young man who lost his hearing when 8 years old, of brain fever, is now engaged in hunting up deaf and dumb children in this city, for the purpose of having them sent to be educated. Mr. Hagy is himself a graduate of a Philadelphia Institution, and he greatly deprecates the fact that there are quite a number of deaf-mutes in this community who are being allowed to grow up without an education.

He is taking much delight in impressing such young people with the great importance of going to school, and he points out to them the increased happiness, contentment, satisfaction and the value of an education. Mr. Hagy says the greatest difficulty he experiences is that children are afraid of home-sickness in going away to school. He tells them they will very soon get over all that, and in a few weeks they will like it so well that they won't want to leave. Mr. Hagy was born in Bern township, and prior to his attack of brain fever, could talk and hear well. He went to school and learned to read English. He could talk German. The brain fever left him quite deaf, and he went to the Philadelphia School. In a few days he learned the sign-language. He was exceedingly well pleased with the school, and remained four years, studying reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and other branches. He now composes and writes very well. He will soon enter college to prepare himself to become an instructor of the deaf. He would like to see every afflicted child be properly educated, so that their condition would be made better and happier, and their affliction lighter. Scholars receive the very best of treatment at school, and they soon become attached to their home. When deaf and dumb children can receive an education free of charge, Mr. Hagy says this great privilege should not be neglected.

Joseph Snow looks as if he had been tanned.

Jumbo.

Aug. 8-21-'82.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Another Victim of the Kingston R. R. Crossing.

A DEAF AND DUMB MAN KILLED.

(From the Toronto Mail, Aug. 11.)

A fatal accident occurred at the Kingston railroad crossing of the Grand Trunk Railway, about 7:40 o'clock last evening, by which Mr. Peter Currie, of 61 McGill street, lost his life. The deceased gentleman, who is said to have been both deaf, dumb and near-sighted, was in the act of crossing the track in an easterly direction when he was struck by the tender of pilot engine No. 141, which was backing on the down grade at the time. He was thrown into the culvert by the violence of the shock. A number of persons ran to his assistance, and Dr. Carroll was quickly on the spot, but after an examination, he pronounced

THE CASE HOPELESS,

the skull and right leg being badly fractured. The ambulance was telephoned for, but the unfortunate gentleman breathed his last before its arrival, and in about forty minutes from the time of the accident. He uttered a few inarticulate sounds, and struggled convulsively once or twice, but manifested no signs of consciousness. The corpse was removed to his late residence on McGill street.

The deceased was a son of the late Mr. James Currie, of the well-known firm of Currie, Martin & Co., boiler-makers, on Esplanade street east, was about 37 years of age, and generally respected by all who knew him. It is supposed he was on his way to the residence of Mr. Edward Blong, 211 Kingston road, when he met with the deplorable accident which caused his death.

Several witnesses state that the engine and tender were proceeding at the rate of

FROM TWELVE TO FIFTEEN MILES

per hour, and that the signal bell was ringing loudly at the time of the accident. There was also a watchman on duty at the signal box. It would be premature at present to attribute blame to any of the officials of the company. Dr. Carroll is of opinion that under the circumstances an inquest respecting the cause of death is unnecessary, wh.

This is the second fatal accident which has occurred, this spot within the past twelve months—the deplorable accident by which Mr. and Mrs. Valentine lost their lives being fresh in the minds of the public.

West Orange, N. J.

MR. EDITOR:—After my long silence, I must send a few items to your paper for insertion, which I presume will arouse some interest in your readers, especially in New Jersey. You may think we live in a scorching place, for it has not been favored with any fall of rain since the fifth of last July. Our vegetables are a total loss to us.

From the most reliable source, I learn that so little has been done in regard to the New Jersey Institution, that no selection of officers can be made for some time to come. I am pretty sure that it will not be open until the first of November, as so little has been done towards fitting it up. No doubt the terrible weather has much to do with this state of affairs. Two months are sufficient to put every thing in running order.

A singular incident, which would terrify most of your fair readers, occurred at my house while I was at work in Orange. Week ago Friday, after dinner, my daughter Mary was returning the table articles to the cupboard in the cellar, and while standing before

A DEAF-MUTE'S FATHER KILLED

BY THE BULLET.

Years of Trouble the Cause.

THE RESULT OF THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Early Thursday morning, August 10th, Francis Sanger, a Frenchman and a tailor by trade, residing at the corner of Tenth and Fulton streets, Keokuk, Iowa, committed suicide by sending a bullet from a 32-calibre, five-barreled pistol, through his brain. Francis Sanger, the victim, would have been 60 years old had he lived until August 16th. He had resided in Keokuk eight years, and was a pants maker in the employ of Weil & Co. Two daughters, one aged 25, deaf and dumb, though quite intelligent otherwise, and one a bright, pretty little girl of 9, who has a very fair education for one so young, and fully realizes the meaning of the terrible act of her father, lived with the suicide. His wife has been insane for about eight years, and is now at the county house. Sanger visited his wife recently, and since that time seemed to grow more despondent and morose. He had been brooding over his troubles for so long a time that his friends are of the opinion that his mind became affected. Sanger has never seemed the same man since his wife's affliction, and in his conversation has frequently alluded to his troubles and expressed the wish that they were at an end. Now that he has taken his life some of his friends can recall several instances of when Sanger hinted at suicide. He has endeavored of late to find a home for his children, and several of his most intimate friends have dissuaded him from it. Recently, Victor Hardoin said to him: "Why, Mr. Sanger, your home would be a dreary one without your daughters." To which Sanger responded: "Never mind me; you will find me all right some morning." Mr. Sanger could not understand the deaf and dumb alphabet—never could learn it, and was therefore virtually unable to communicate with his afflicted daughter, Eloise. This seemed to worry him very much.

Yesterday morning, he got up, took a bath, donned fresh linen, and his best clothes, put on a collar and a neat cravat, combed his hair carefully and then called his youngest daughter, Alice, and gave her a note to carry to Mr. Favard, telling her to hurry up going but not to be in a hurry coming back. As soon as little Alice was started on her journey, Sanger kissed his deaf and dumb daughter and then gently pushed her into an adjoining room, closing the door after her, motioning as best he could for her to finish her morning work. From everything that could be learned, it is highly probable that the determined man then deliberately sat down upon a chair, took a small looking-glass in his left hand, placed the muzzle of the revolver against his right temple and pulled the trigger. His deaf and dumb daughter could not, of course, hear the report of the pistol, and it was not until several neighbors, accompanied by Mr. Favard, had arrived, that she learned of the tragedy that had been enacted in the next room. Sanger was lying under the window in the front room of the house when Mr. Hardoin rushed into the room, followed by the deaf and dumb daughter. Eloise took one look at her dead father, threw up her hands and fainted. She was carried into an adjoining room by some ladies and resuscitated, and as soon as she had regained consciousness her actions were most pitiful. She showed the agony she felt, and in her despair she seized the wash that was to be used on the dead man and tried to swallow it, but was prevented by friends. She gave them to understand that she wanted to die and would take her own life at the first opportunity. When the little girl, Alice, was sent on her errand to Mr. Favard, she was in the best of spirits and soon arrived at her destination. She presented the note to Mr. Favard, who opened and read it at once. It was written in French, and, translated, read as follows:

MR. AND MRS. FAVARD: I pray you to pardon me the falsehood I told you last night. Well, I was to go to Quincy to-day. It was not so. It was only a pretext to dispose of my paper. I pray you to examine that there are two letters that will let you know all. I am tired of life. Bewareful that I have lived so long. I am decided to finish. When you receive this note I think everything will be finished.

Your friend,
FRANCIS SANGER.

P. S.—All my papers will be found in the drawer of the bureau. You will find the key in my pants pocket, on my person.

On Thursday night, Sanger had gone to Mr. Favard's house on Exchange street, between Sixth and Seventh, and left a package of papers with him for safe-keeping, saying that he was going to Quincy to look after some property he owned there. Upon reading the above note, Mrs. Favard said to her husband: "Go to Mr. Sanger's at once. He is going to kill himself." Mr. Favard started at once, followed by the little girl

Alice, and meeting Mr. Hardoin on the way was accompanied by that gentleman. When they reached the house they found Sanger dead, as above related. The little girl tried to get into the house to see her father, but was prevented from so doing and taken to a neighbor's—John McCoy's, where Mrs. McCoy gave her every attention. The little one was overcome with grief, and moaned: "Oh, if father had thought of me he wouldn't have done so."

After the excitement had subsided, Dr. Winslow was summoned, but found Sanger dead and soon after the coroner arrived and took charge of the body and effects of the victim.

The deceased left a paper stating that he wanted to be buried decently, but at no expense. He wanted no services, and asked that his remains be placed in the public grounds. He also stated in the note that he had intended to wait until he was 60 years old before taking his life, but that the burden became too heavy to bear any longer.

At the inquest, the only new facts elicited were that on Tuesday he bought the revolver, a Victor No. 3, 32 calibre, five shot, from J. R. Shuler. Also, the contents of the package left with Mr. Favard were learned. They were a mortgage for \$600, a note for \$400, one for \$50, currency to the amount of \$210 and ten dollars in gold. Also instructions for the disposition of his property. Mr. Favard, of this city, and Mr. Drussant, being appointed administrators with instructions that the property and money be used for the benefit of the two girls. After eliciting these facts, the coroner's jury rendered the following verdict:

State of Iowa: An inquisition holden at Keokuk, Lee county, Iowa, on the 11th day of August, A. D., 1882, before J. C. Estes, coroner of the said county, upon the body of Francis Sanger, there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed, the said jurors upon their oaths, do say that the deceased came to his death from the effects of a pistol wound in his right temple, said wound being inflicted by deceased himself. In testimony whereof the said jurors have hereunto set their hands the day and year aforesaid.

BEN FARNUM,
PETER WOLF,
JOHN S. MCCOY.

Attest: J. C. ESTES,
Coroner Lee County.

Mrs. Renaud will take charge of the little girl Alice, and Mr. Drussant, of Illinois, will probably take the deaf and dumb girl to his home, where she has frequently visited.

I visited Miss Sanger's home a week before the above terrible occurrence. Mr. Sanger related to me about some of his troubles, in a spattering of the English and French languages, and in rather mournful, natural signs, in which he spoke of his unfortunate wife being insane; and about his inability to talk with his deaf and dumb daughter who had an English education. Miss Eloise Sanger attended the Jacksonville School for about nine years, and spoke well of Dr. Gillet, the Principal. She said she desired very much to visit her old school, on account of being so lonely at home. She was born in Nauvoo, Ill., where her father lived many years with the old French colony. He told me about the Mormons and their great Temple, an account of which I have already sent to the JOURNAL. Alice is a beautiful little girl, very much petted by her father, who loved her tenderly.

JUDGE DECOURSEY.
TEMPLE HOUSE, NAUVOO, ILL.,
Aug. 12, 1882.

A Few Hints on Grammar.

How many mutes, including even the most intelligent, do we often see committing one of the most common breaches of good English, in the matter of prefixing a title to other people's names! In ordinary conversation, and in the columns of the JOURNAL, the way in which the prefixes of "Reverend," "Mister," "Honorable," "Esquire," etc., are used, jar unpleasantly upon good taste. Such mistakes are made either through ignorance of correct usage or from the habit which others of more intelligence have of making the same mistakes.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL, a writer, who possessed a fair command of language, and who, from his connection with a high institution of learning, ought to have known better, referred to members of Congress simply as "Hon. Smith" and "Hon. Brown," without the other prefix, "Mr.," which good taste and strict grammar require. This violation of good language was repeated several times in his long letter. Such a mistake is inexcusable upon the part of those who are supposed to have enjoyed all the advantages of a good education, and, no doubt, many of their hearing friends must have wondered why they were not taught better.

We are all familiar with the way in which ministers of the gospel are irreverently designated as "Rev." without any other prefix. As, for instance, "Rev. Gallandet," "Rev. Jones," etc. Perhaps this mistake has its natural origin in the fact that the title of "Mr." is used simply with the name, as "Mr. Brown," and they suppose that all other titles are to be used in the same way. A ludicrous misapplication of honorary titles is sometimes made by the use of Esquire, as "Hon. James Brown, Esq.," for example.

If the following points should be borne faithfully in mind, there will be no danger of making these mistakes again: Where only a person's surname is used, the prefix, "Mr.," should be always inserted between that and other titles, as Hon. Mr. Davis, and Rev. Mr. Chamberlain; but if the baptismal name is also

used, it is omitted, as Hon. Charles Sumner, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. No prefix is allowed with the use of Esq., as John Brown, Esq. It is not the correct thing to say Mr. John Brown, Esq., as too many mutes are in the habit of doing. It is the worst possible breach of good manners to speak of a lady without a prefix to her name, as I own with shame, is constantly done. All this should be remedied. H. W.

The New Deaf and Dumb School at Fredericton.

(From the St. John, (N. B.) Daily Sun, July 26.)

We are requested to state that the following gentlemen have consented to act as directors of the proposed Deaf and Dumb School, in conjunction with several gentlemen residing at Fredericton:—Messrs. Geo. S. DeForest, W. H. Thorne, G. W. Whitney, Wm. L. Prince. The single fact that during the 25 years of its existence the Halifax Institution has only sent forth some 39 graduates belonging to this Province, is a sufficient proof of the necessity that exists for increased accommodation. The school at Halifax may have been sufficient for the wants of the Maritime Provinces at the time of its establishment in 1875, but things are different now. New Brunswick has added 35,000 to her population during the past ten years. There has been a corresponding increase in the number of its deaf-mutes. We are glad to see that the promoters of the new school are making headway in the matter, and have reason to believe that the parents of such children here will hail its establishment as a great boon. Those who are desirous of aiding the movement, may pay their subscriptions to any member of the committee.

The Sun, of August 1st, has the following from Mr. Woodbridge:

AN APPEAL TO THE CITIZENS.

CITIZENS OF ST. JOHN:—I have issued a circular asking your aid in the establishing of a school for the education of the deaf and dumb of this Province. In that circular, reasons are given which fully justify the carrying out of the objects we have in view.

As I have stated elsewhere, those who know me will bear me out when I say that I have not the slightest feeling against, nor is the school intended as an opposition to the Halifax Institution, for the advancement of which I have labored early and late for the past four years. My action proceeds from higher and nobler motives. I have long seen, and many a time remarked, on the grand field that existed here for an institution for the deaf and dumb. It is not the outcome of sudden thought, but of long consideration and of deep and earnest conviction. When I started to carry my plan into effect, I knew that obstacles would be thrown in my way from two sources. I expected my character would be assailed and my motives impugned, and while I felt that my work would be rendered that much more difficult, I had faith in the people of New Brunswick and determined to go forward prepared for any amount of abuse, knowing that in the end I would succeed, and truth ultimately prevail.

During the past few years, I have endeavored to utilize as far as possible the accommodation at Halifax, and prevailed on the directors during the last session to take in 29 pupils from this Province. I found out many others, but there was no room, so they could not be admitted. This was the largest number of children from this Province that was admitted into the Halifax Institution during one session. In one of the old reports, it states that the Halifax Institution was built to accommodate 80 pupils, so I resolved to reach that number if possible. On my applying for the admission for other candidates, one of the directors said he should be sorry to see 80 in it, so that number was never reached.

My desire then to establish a school here, does not proceed from any base or ignoble motive, but the object in view presents itself in the broader, more liberal and imperative light of utility and absolute necessity.

The following statement will show the necessity which exists for a school in this Province. 1. According to census returns and careful calculation, there are 344 deaf-mutes in New Brunswick at the present time. Of this number about 88 have received some education, leaving 256 who have received no education. Taking a moderate estimate, say one-fifth of this number, as being eligible for school, there would be between 50 and 60, in addition to 29 that have already received a partial training, who could and should be provided for by a separate school in this Province. The Halifax Institution was established in 1857, and has done good work up to the present time, but it is manifestly impossible for that school to educate the deaf and dumb of four Provinces, numbering from 1,000 to 1,200 deaf-mutes.

It may have been sufficient for the wants of these Maritime Provinces at the time of its establishment twenty-five years ago, but the population of these Provinces has very largely increased since that time, and the deaf and dumb have also increased in the same proportion.

It was anticipated by my predecessor in Halifax, that the time would come when New Brunswick would need a school of her own, and I say that time has come for the carrying out of this great object. I have the name of every graduate belonging to

this Province, who has been educated by the Halifax Institution, and I find that during the 25 years of its existence the number only reaches 39. This, of course, does not include the present attendance.

A good and properly conducted school here would be a great boon to the parents of these afflicted little ones. Many of them object to part with their children for the school session of ten months, and keep them at home rather than send them so far out of the Province to school. When a school is established which will be "at home" to all parts of the Province, numbers will be gathered in who would otherwise grow up in ignorance and neglect.

One of the most attractive points in the whole Dominion has been chosen for the location of the school—viz., Fredericton. There are many reasons in favor of this choice. Fredericton is the capital-seat of government and learning, having a cathedral, college, Normal School, etc. It is beautifully situated, and easy of access to all parts of the Province. As deafness often results from disease in childhood, as scrofula, scarlet fever, etc., it is indispensable that a healthy locality should be selected for its site, where plenty of fresh air can be obtained. Hawthorn Hill can supply this important element, as well as pure water in abundance.

We desire the school to have, as far as possible, advantages which sometimes a large institution cannot give—viz., the comforts, influences and advantages of home. It will be open to all denominations; the only qualification necessary will be that the applicant for admission must be deaf and dumb. The house has been selected, and we now want it furnished and equipped for the accommodation, say of 20 pupils, who will, of course, board at the school.

The committee propose to open it about the beginning of September, and if you think the object worthy, lend your hearty and speedy aid for the accomplishment of this purpose. A thousand dollars is needed at once to prepare it for the reception of pupils.

We appeal to all who have the blessings of speech and hearing, to give their help and assistance towards the carrying out of this work, as a thank offering for the possession of these faculties of which these afflicted ones in God's inscrutable wisdom, are bereft.

I remain yours very faithfully,
ALBERT F. WOODBRIDGE.

More of a Fanwoodite's Trip.

DEAR EDITOR:—After a few days, we felt much refreshed by the abundant table with its profusion of milk and cream, at the house of a deaf-mute, who attended the Kentucky Institution before the war. His name is Mr. Jacob Clontz, living on a farm, having a wife and seven children, all of whom are deaf and dumb. Some of his children were educated at the North Carolina Institution. The rest are still going there. One of them, a venerable lady, was married to Mr. Thomas Tillinghast, who once went to the New York School, before the war. He is blessed with two healthy children.

Mr. John W. Clontz joined us, taking the train for Parrottsville, Tenn.

The railroad follows the course of the French Broad, which is a most beautiful river, so often called the Rhine of the South. On one side of the stream, in many places rocky cliffs several hundred feet high, overhang the track. Upon the other side, there are bold hills rising abruptly from the water, covering numerous tobacco patches. Beyond these hills, are thick woods, affording many safe haunts for the moonshiners.

"Warm Springs," cried the brakeman.

Crossing the river on a long iron bridge and entering a narrow valley, we got sight of the large, spacious hotel, appearing imposingly with many handsome cottages and bath houses thickly dotted around.

We took to our heels towards the hotel for some refreshments, and returned to the train. It was a labor of ten minutes.

The Warm Springs are literally hot pools, rising to the surface near the river, with the scale of 102 to 110 degrees Fahr. Comfortable bath houses inclose these basins, which make delightful tepid baths, deep enough to support swimmers. This place is a popular resort of the people of the Gulf States. The train started.

We enjoyed viewing the river along for many miles.

"Point Rock," shouted the conductor, pointing his hand to a cliff.

We looked at once at a curiously colored cliff, resembling a wall of red bricks, two hundred feet high. It is the State line bounding Tennessee.

We reached Parrottsville, Tenn., and became the guests of our friend Mr. Newton Harbin.

Soon, the inhabitants of the village flocked around us to sate their curiosity. We entertained them by telling them monkey stories, the Lord's Prayer, Christ Still the Tempest, etc., in the sign language. We enjoyed visiting a cave a mile from Mr. Harbin's house, and returned to Asheville, having had a jolly time in the Warm Springs. Mr. John W. Clontz left us, returning to his humble occupation—pegging shoes at the North Carolina Institution. I will write more of our trip.

Yours truly,
WALTER L. BINGHAM.

CATSKILL, N. Y., GLEANINGS.

DEAR EDITOR:—Give me leave to say that it is with deep sorrow that we noticed the death of Mrs. Frederic Bodine, an honored and respected lady of Montgomery, N. Y., the mother of Miss Georgie Decker, a well educated lady, (her chief comfort) who left school last fall coming to her mother's illness.

Mrs. Frederic Bodine was well acquainted with many mutes. She was a bright, faithful and cheerful Christian, and indeed, her name in social qualities endeared her to a host of friends. She was very fond of children, and was constantly engaged in Sunday School work, so that it may be safely said her friends remember her in this relation.

Her home was the place where she enjoyed the society of her family and friends. Her presence was like the warmth and gladness of the sunshine, whose cherry word and smile will never be forgotten by her friends.

Mrs. Frederic Bodine bore her sufferings with firmness during many periods of her life, and on Thursday morning, August 3d, she went to the far above—a home of eternal happiness, and crowned with immortal life.

"Reveal thyself before my closing eyes,
Shining through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning skies break, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

ITEMS.

A. Lincoln Thomas went to Saugerties, N. Y., last week, on business. He called on Mr. Schutt, who is a mute clerk in one of the leading stores; is respected and well acquainted, and expects to resume his Scriptural duties this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of New York, were in Saugerties on a visit to Mr. Schutt, two weeks ago.

A. L. Thomas, while at Saugerties last Thursday, called on Dr. Dawes, with whom his father is well acquainted. Dr. Dawes is a highly respected gentleman. He was born in the same house, in Mass., where the late William C. Bryant first saw the light of this world. His (Dawes') nephew, Mr. H. W. Rawson, is a semi-mute, having lost his hearing after learning to talk. He was a pupil in the Art Academy, where he learned to paint. Dr. Dawes kindly showed Mr. Thomas some of Rawson's paintings, which interested him very much. Mr. Rawson still devotes his time to painting in oil and water colors, and does first class work. He is now spending most of his time in Albany, N. Y.

Mr. John Lloyd, Jr., of New York, escaped from the heated city on Saturday morning, nearly two weeks ago, and took the day boat "Albany" for Catskill. He passed the noble "Castle of Silence" on his way up the Hudson.

Your paper is a great comfort to the mutes here.

Your interested reader,
Lxs.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1882.

TROY, N. Y.

The Fifth Annual Picnic of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, was largely attended by mutes from Albany and other places. It proved an extensive and jolly affair.

H. West was struck by a ball on the head, and it knocked him down. Some mutes amused themselves by seeing him fall flat on the ground again. James Culter, who tried to catch a ball, was struck on the breast by it. The next day some mutes' legs and arms were sore.

There is some talk among the mutes in Albany, of organizing themselves into a society. Mr. Kendrick, of the National Deaf-Mute College, expresses himself strongly in favor of deaf-mute societies for social and intellectual improvement, and strongly commends the plan of deaf-mutes following the dictates of their natural inclinations and tastes for the society and companionship of their own class. A very large majority of deaf-mutes will appreciate his reasoning, and agree with his sentiments. He says that his deaf-mute friends often obtain new ideas and information on all kinds of subjects which they gain from books, and that he always takes a delight in interesting lectures which the deaf-mutes deliver.

The day before yesterday, the writer, John Connors and Chas. F. Mull, called upon Mr. Kendrick. In him we found to be a cheerful, intelligent gentleman. We were much gratified in being able to congratulate him in the enterprise of starting a deaf-mute society in Albany. The writer feels thankful that he has emerged into the luxuries of nice society, because it is the refined manners of its members, which have and are still improving his mind and language very much, which he considers a privilege and honor for a well-educated deaf-mute.

Mrs. G. W. Gould, one whose smiling face is so eagerly welcomed among her mute friends, who can at present communicate with them in the sign language, and who has not always identified herself with whatever tended to promote their interest or pleasure, has volunteered to form a Bible Class for the mutes who will never forget her heartfelt interest in them. They reverence her as a dear mother.

Mr. Thomas F. Fox is expected to deliver a lecture before the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, next month.

Yours truly,
JAMES M. WHITEHEAD.

AN OPEN LETTER.

No. 212 WEST 25TH STREET.

MY DEAR MR. THOMAS BROWN:—I shall, with pleasure, comply with your kind request, by expressing my opinion of certain matters in your letter, published in the JOURNAL of July 13th. I trust you will find me agreeing with most of them.

I was sorry to learn that your proposition that the coming Biennial Convention of the N. E. G. A. Society should take place in a convenient place in New Hampshire, was not accepted by the officers thereof. As I have more than once been in that State, and learned to admire the beauty and grandeur of her White Mountains and their legends, I do not understand how they could possibly have failed to attract the members of your society thither—how her lovely town of Bennington failed to be selected for the Convention, that all present thereat might have the occasion to visit the famous battleground of that name, where the old, gallant hero, General John Stark, by his stirring war-cry, for the sake of his beloved wife, "Polly Stark," whom he did not wish to become a widow, fired the valor of his mountain boys and thence won a glorious victory over the British.

As to Norwich, a place which is selected for said Convention, your society can as well afford to convene there in the years 1884 or 1886, instead of this year, but I opine that, in consideration of your green old age and increasing physical infirmities, your wish and proposition to meet your friends once more at this Convention, in a place most accessible to you in your own State, should be gracefully acceded to.

Now, respecting the Eliza Morrison legacy, long a bone of contention on the hands of the society. It was some years ago brought to my notice, by a prominent mute of New England, and a regular correspondence followed, the correspondent desiring my opinion of its merits. My careful investigation of the testamentary will, and the other things relating to her express wish and its legal execution, with which I was kindly furnished at my request by my correspondent, convinced me clearly of the legacy being legally in the charge of the said society, and the object of her bequest being the promotion of the welfare of the mutes of New England; but it failed to show me in what manner the welfare of the mutes of New England should be promoted. No explicit explanation of its operation was given by her, hence, owing to the fatal omission of the manner in which the object should be brought into effect, it was impossible for the society to do anything with it, except at the Surrogate Court of Miss Morrison's district. So, while the bequest is and will continue to be legally in the charge of the Society during its (the Society's) existence, I agree with you in your letter, of August 10th, that it is best to leave the money undisturbed, but properly funded and increased by interests and voluntarily donations.

Your suggestion of the appointment of "honest citizens to take care of the said legacy, etc.," appears reasonable; but that of abolishing the office of Vice-President, leaving a President, Secretary, and Treasurer to take care of the small business of the Society, does not strike me as wise. This office is a precautionary measure, properly invested in the Constitution thereof; but your State managers may be dispensed with, if judged absolutely necessary.

That Boston should be a permanent place for the Biennial Conventions of the Society, the votes of the light-hearted and erratic-minded participants in the social pleasures of the occasion will be cast—almost unanimously—against it. And a base ball game is proposed to take place at Norwich. If it will really do, I fear that the vulgar outsiders, certainly not deaf and dumb, will enjoy the fullest novel spectacle of the incessant whirling of signs in the air of the mute assemblage of both sexes. Thereupon it is much to be hoped that that game will not be at all played at Norwich, which is a city well known for its high gentility and refinement.

My respected friend, I am glad to find you still in our midst. True, we are pining considerably down the hill of life—you a good deal ahead of me in years—but still both well on life. We have seen, with sad hearts, our old dear friends—Thomas H. Gallandet and his noble wife, the Welds, Clercs, Loring, Whitons and others—drop one after another in their silent tombs. While we wait for the summons from on high to depart this world, we shall continue our pilgrimage together, enjoying every innocent earthly pleasure still in store for us, and always looking to our Saviour for our salvation and abode near Him.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN CARLIN.

NEW YORK, August 21, 1882.

ANTRIM, N. H.

On August 6th, Nellie E. Barrett came to the residence of James Wilkins, from Boston, Mass., to visit his family, and was surprised to meet Edwin H. French, who was there. She returned home the following Monday.

On August 9th, Mr. James Wilkins and his hands did not work, but attended a picnic near the pond of a cousin of Mr. French's. A rifle match took place, and Edwin won a prize of fifteen cents. James Wilkins and Mr. Cummings shot against him.

On Saturday, the Antrim B. B. C. played a match game of base ball with a nine, composed of Mr. Bass's boarders, in the village. The mutes won by the score of 25 to 15. Next Saturday, the Antrim Club will play the Hancock B. B. C. in the village.

On Sunday, August 13th, there were 18 deaf-mutes at Mr. Wilkins'. Prof. T. Brown preached to them twice during the day.

Edwin French will probably go to Nashua, N. H., on August 26th.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

SEA-SIDE GOSSIP.

Among the notable events in deaf-mute circles this week, has been the departure of another of the brilliant party of the "children of silence." I allude to the departure of Miss Kent, of Gloversville, N. Y. Miss Kent had made a host of friends during her stay, and her absence is felt. She will return here, however, on or about September 10th, to begin her studies in the Seminary I mentioned in my last letter.

Miss Lizzie Barstow, who was her guest, is now staying with her aunt on Pilgrim Pathway.

Although there are over one hundred and fifty hotels and boarding-houses nearly filled, all the small cottages are accommodating boarders, and over 500 families live in tents. Every available space is taken, and people are obliged to sleep on piazzas, etc., yet they still come. Every day brings four or five large excursions, numbering from 500 to 2,000 people each. The Pennsylvania, New Jersey Central & New Jersey Southern Railroads combined, deposit a large number of people from morn till night; over 60 trains stop here every day. Yet I notice that very few of them are of our class. I hope more will come.

I noticed in your valuable paper that my friend and classmate, James W. Nash, came to Long Branch on the 19th inst., accompanied by "Bob" Heller. I am very sorry they did not come to Ocean Grove, as they could have come here and returned to Long Branch in one hour, with plenty of time for sight-seeing.

Mrs. Annie Hankinson, of Freehold, N. J., telegraphed to Miss Lizzie Noble, of Ocean Grove, on Saturday (19th inst.) last, to meet her, as she would be at Ocean Grove that day. Mrs. Hankinson appointed no meeting place, and although she (Miss Noble) made a thorough search on the beach, she was unable to find Mrs. H., for which she sends her regrets.

A brother of Mr. Henry Schanck, of Freehold, N. J., called on your correspondent last Saturday.

My article in the last JOURNAL, stated that Henry Schanck would graduate from the New York Institution in '82. This is a compositor's error, as I wrote "84," however, no harm done.

Sunday evening, August 9th, a small party gathered on the lawn of Mr. Kent's residence, corner of Penna. and Heck Avenues, consisting of one pupil of the Rome School, one of the Philadelphia Institution, one of Belfast, and two graduates of Fanwood; besides these, there were Congressman West and Mr. and Mrs. Kent and son. The grounds were lit up with Chinese lanterns, and all were pleased with the enjoyable, though quiet, time spent.

I was pleased to read Mr. Bingham's letter, relating to his adventures in the south. Why don't more of Fanwood's mutes recount their summer pleasures?

I have read the various letters that Mr. P. B. Gulick has written to the JOURNAL's readers, and took quite an interest in them, and concur with him in thinking that a testimonial to Senator Taylor would be a good thing, providing the testimonial was of an appropriate character. To be more explicit, I mean that the testimonial should be a set of resolutions, suitably engrossed, thanking Mr. Taylor for the liberal spirit displayed in urging the bill. But if Mr. Gulick meant that the mutes of New Jersey should subscribe a sum of money for a costly testimonial, or anything of that sort, I, for one, am opposed to it, not from a financial point of view, but from principle.

The New Jersey mutes of the present school age, will be better benefited by remaining at a well-established school, than to be taken to a new one, which can not possibly be an assured success, until after years of patient labor. That Mr. Taylor done his duty, no one denies; that New Jersey should have a school, is likewise incontestable; that Mr. Taylor should have the thanks of New Jersey mutes is evident, but that Mr. Gulick's reply was altogether uncalled for, is an undeniable fact.

XELA.

KIND WORDS.—"Kind words can never die." Nor do unkind words come to an early burial. Our world would be far happier if they did. Most unkind words affect at least two souls,—the one uttering them and the one hearing them. With the former, rests their most withering and dwarfing effect. A thousand times better to be the one for whom harsh words were intended than the one uttering them. He who can restrain his anger and control his tongue under severe provocation, is a hero. "You may tame the wild beast, or check the wildest conflagration in the American forests, but you can never arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered this morning." As the Chinese proverb says, "A word once spoken, a chariot and six horses cannot bring it back."